The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. XLVII NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, 1926 NUMBER 600

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The Week

DISCUSSIONS of armament limitation at Geneva make it increasingly clear where the difficulties lie. Ambassador Hugh Gibson in behalf of the United States stated that on account of our special situation we had been able without waiting for any international agreement to reduce our land forces to a minimum, thus making army limitation a "regional" (European) problem. He offered to extend to other classes of vessels the naval limitation begun at Washington with capital ships. France, however, is reluctant to limit either submarine construction or land armies. She raises the logical difficulty that capacity to make war is dependent not only on active forces but on industrial and financial resources capable of being turned quickly to military uses. She also questions the speed and nature of the action to be taken by the League Council in carrying out the Covenant to apply mutual aid in repelling aggression. In other words, she seems bent on insisting either that (a) she will retain her predominance of active military force on the Continent, and her threat of submarine blockade against England, or that (b) she must have explicit assurance that other nations with equivalent potential or actual military power will spring to her assistance in the case of aggression. Aggression, of course, is in her mind another word for violation of the status created by the Versailles Treaty. Thus France's ruling policy remains what it was in 1919. Versailles gave her a predominance in Europe which can be maintained only by force; she will either maintain it by her own force or insist on a steel-riveted agreement that her allies will forcibly assist her in maintaining it against all comers. This is not spiritual disarmament, and it is not likely to lead to physical disarmament. Nor will it remove the basic causes of international friction.

THE new dictator of Poland seems to be quickly pursuing the path of peremptory coercion which the logic of a dictator's position demands. He began by pretending that his overthrow of the previous government was at bottom a legal process and that the new government would hereafter conform to legal forms. But it now appears that only if the legal authorities do what the dictator wishes them to do will they be allowed to function legally. If not, they will be superseded. This is as it should be. The business of a dictator is to dictate and if he does not wish, or does not know how, to dictate he would do well to quit. There is only one possible justification for Marshal Pilsudski's coup de force. It is that the welfare of the Polish nation demanded heroic measures, that he knew what they were and that he was capable of forcing them on his undecided or hostile fellow-countrymen. He cannot afford to hesitate, to negotiate, to flinch or to fail. He has set himself up as the political god of Poland, and as long as he occupies the pedestal he must play the part. We doubt whether he has the judgment or the resolution to go through with the performance. The result of his adventure is more likely to be anarchy and enervation than increased national energy and order. In any event the present situation is deeply disquieting. It may eventually require the intervention of some international authority to re-

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store an ostensibly legal government to distracted Poland.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE is reported to be surprised at the row which his authorization of state officials to act as enforcing agencies of the federal prohibition law has provoked. He has every right to be surprised, and if he is a philosopher, rather amused than worried. The hullabaloo is a clear case of much ado about nothing. The notion that municipal, county and state officials are in some way deprived of their local political virtue by being authorized to act as federal agents has no justification in a sound interpretation of the Constitution. It springs from the idea that state and federal laws and their administration must not touch each other or coöperate with each other at any point, and that the use by the federal administration of state officers to assist in the execution of federal laws is somehow the invasion of a sacred preserve. This idea is sheer states-rights pedantry. Of course state officials cannot be called upon to administer federal laws against the orders of their own constitutional chiefs, but if coöperation is desired and desirable, there is every reason why it should be both permitted and encouraged. In American politics it seems impossible for public opinion to get interested in any subject without becoming hysterical about it. After years of torpid indifference to the effect of federal prohibition upon the rights of the states, the politicians and the newspapers now throw a fit whenever a federal official so much as touches a states-rights' toe.

OWEN D. YOUNG of the General Electric Company, speaking before the National Electric Light Association, admitted that in the case of water-power projects where irrigation and navigation is concerned as well as electric generation, the development might be left to the government, though the distribution should be accorded to private agencies. This statement probably refers to Boulder Dam in Colorado, if not to Muscle Shoals, Niagara and the St. Lawrence. So far as it goes, it should be welcome to those who want to see a few large publicly owned electric plants established as experiment stations so that their results may be compared with those of privately owned plants. It is not quite clear logically, however, why the public's concern with power generation and distribution is any less direct and essential than its concern with irrigation and navigation. Certainly the former holds greater possibilities of good or ill to more people than the latter. What seems to be lingering in the back of Mr. Young's mind is that since there is no profit in irrigation projects or navigation control, private capital cannot be induced to seek their exploitation and the government must therefore care for them. It is never quite clear, when spokesmen of private interests are speaking, whether they are more concerned with the invariably alleged superior efficiency of private operation or with the chance to make profits. In spite of prevailing confusion in the matter, the two are not always Siamese twins.

AS THE deadlock between coal miners, operators and government continues in Great Britain, mutual recriminations make it clearer under what circumstances the general strike was called off. Sir Herbert Samuel of the Coal Commission made a proposal of settlement to the Trades Union Congress and the Miners' Union which was better than any offer made before the general strike. The former favored it; the latter opposed it in the hope of a settlement that would involve no possibility of lower wages even temporarily, and in the belief that the Congress would continue the general strike and win a decisive victory. The more moderate leaders of the Congress, however, refused to go on with the struggle for a better settlement and ended the strike apparently in the belief that Sir Herbert's proposal would be binding on the government. They now charge the government with bad faith in not proceeding immediately to enforce Sir Herbert's settlement on the owners. Sir Herbert replies, as he was bound to do, that his proposal was entirely unofficial and was made on his own responsibility. Just how binding this gentlemen's agreement really was intended to be remains to be seen. In the meantime Premier Baldwin is blaming both operators and miners for refusing to accede to his peace terms, which involve not only reorganization of the industry, but the settlement of the wage question by arbitration. The operators have made no substantial concession, while the miners, though favoring some of the government's terms, stand pat on their refusal to consider any wage reduction, whether it results from the proposed arbitration or otherwise. Continuance of the coal strike is becoming a heavy burden both for the nation and the miners. If the immediate difficulty over wages can be surmounted, it may yet turn out that Premier Baldwin will apply the power of Parliament to coercing the owners into a reorganization of the industry which will preserve, so far as possible, the miners' standard of living.

SOME of the partisans of Governor Smith have begun to agitate for an abandonment of the two-thirds rule in the next Democratic national convention; but it is improbable that they will accomplish their object. The opponents of the leading candidate will combine in order to defeat the reform. An American national party usually lacks the kind of morale which enables it to introduce reforms into its own machinery. Those who propose the reforms do so in the interest of a particular candidate, and the beneficial changes are defeated as a part of the campaign to insure his defeat. Moreover in the case of the two-thirds rule, there is a reason connected with the composition of the Democratic party

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which operates in favor of its perpetuation. The Southern Democrats furnish a majority of the effective strength of the party, but under the rule of representation in national conventions a combination of delegates from the other parts of the country could easily place them in a minority. It would be difficult, however, if not impossible, for such a coalition to collect two-thirds of the voters in any convention. What the two-thirds rule does in effect is to endow the South or indeed any other united section with the power to prevent the nomination of a candidate to whom it is irreconcilably opposed.

RUMORS are pouring in to the effect that the French have won important victories in Morocco, that numerous tribes of Riffi have capitulated, and that Abd-el Krim is on the point of surrender. If these rumors are true, it means that the burden of a costly war has been removed from the French treasury through the enforced submission of native tribesmen who have sacrificed much to avoid French rule. Whether the expense of the war is to be succeeded by an almost equal expense of civil administration remains to be seen; but few colonies, whether or not they are of economic benefit to the imperial business men, are profitable to the imperial government. From the fragmentary news coming out of Syria it does not appear that things are going so well there for the conquerors. Whatever hope may have been entertained for a more liberal colonial policy under the premiership of Brnand, there does not seem to have been any great change in French objectives. It is possible that less stupid administration of conquered peoples will avoid stirring up so much trouble as in the recent past, but there is little sign that even under "liberal" French governments the League method of mandates differs, so far as the mandated peoples are concerned, from the old régime of spheres of influence and forcible exploitation. It is merely a substitute for treaties among the mandatory Powers, which, while it may minimize major wars, does not seem to retard the outbreak of minor ones.

FROM time to time some item of news comes along which tells us more than any quantity of moralizing can do, about the sort of world in which we live. Thus we find in our always interesting contemporary of the theatrical world, Variety, the result of a recent census of theatres, and learn from it that 97 percent of all amusement houses in the United States are now devoted to motion pictures. The other 3 percent includes not only theatres offering legitimate drama, but all those devoted exclusively to vaudeville, and even the not inconsiderable number presenting that odd hybrid, burlesque. Indeed, theatres dedicated to the drama alone are hardly to be found at all outside half a dozen of the largest cities. "The road" has almost ceased to exist save for attractions of such enormous appeal, like Abie's Irish Rose, that they can go into a community and compete on equal terms with the all-powerful screen. Variety estimates that two-fifths of all the legitimate theatres in the country are in New York City. Moreover, the new theatres now planned or being built are almost without exception intended for the films.

THERE are one or two facts to be set in opposition to this rather gloomy view—gloomy, that is, to everyone except the motion picture industry. One is mentioned by Variety: the fact that increasing numbers of film houses now give some other entertainment than that to be extracted from the flickering celluloid. These additional features include prologues to the pictures, vaudeville, and in many cases good orchestras playing serious music. This aspect of the industry is growing so rapidly that in a short time very few of the country's 17,000 film houses will be without some sort of added attraction. It is by no means impossible, improbable as it may seem at first glance, that something valuable may come out of this development. The other encouraging sign is the sudden and enormous expansion of the little theatre movement in the past few years, since the movie influx has confined the legitimate drama to the larger cities. Despite all the fun which has been poked at the little theatres, they have done and are doing some admirable work, and are likely to do more of it. It is not impossible that in the world of the theatre we may see what is also likely to happen in the world of journalism: when the process of trustification, standardization and vulgarization goes far enough, it produces its own antidotes in the form of small experimental ventures here and there, costing next to nothing, local in character, and racy with an indigenous flavor which the trustified product is never able to attain.

Pepper as Prophecy

THE recent primary election in the state of Pennsylvania, if conservatively and circumspectly interpreted, throws an interesting light upon the existing attitude of the voters in a state with a mixed urban and rural population on the question of prohibition. There were three candidates for the Republican nomination for Senator. One of them, Vare, the boss of Philadelphia, solicited votes for the declared purpose of modifying the Volstead act. Another of them, Governor Pinchot, was an equally militant prohibitionist. He has not only enforced the law to the very limit of his legal powers, but he has strengthened the state administration of the Volstead act and he is an ardent believer in the social desirability of prohibitory legislation. The third candidate, Senator Pepper, was nominally dry in that he was opposed to any modification of the existing law, but he was in effect, if not in intention, somewhat damp. He was perfectly willing to tolerate prohibition provided in

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effect prohibitionists would tolerate a lax enforcement of its commands. His attitude towards prohibition, that is, resembled that of President Coolidge and of the great majority of American politicians of both parties who represent mixed constituencies. In the final count the wicked wet candidate received approximately 43 percent of the vote, the damp, cool Coolidge candidate 36 percent and the virtuous dry candidate 21 percent. Pepper was not hot enough for the voters of Pennsylvania.

It would not be safe to infer from these figures that the electorate of Pennsylvania is about two-fifths wet, about one-third damp and only one-fifth dry. Governor Pinchot received some thousands of votes in the mining districts from wet labor unionists. Senator Pepper received the votes of many thousand dry Republicans who resented the refusal of the Governor to abide by the results of the primary or who were deceived into believing that Senator Pepper was a genuine prohibitionist. On the other hand he was the machine representative of the western part of the state and was the acknowledged choice of the administration. He received on these accounts a great many wet votes. He was an equivocal candidate and voters supported him for equivocal reasons. It is impossible to say how many Pepper voters were really wet or really dry. The only body of voters whose attitude was unequivocal was the supporters of Mr. Vare. They were all thoroughly wet, and they apparently constitute the most united and numerous, if not the most admirable, block of voters in the state of Pennsylvania. They propose to have the Volstead act modified, and pending their success in modifying it, they will, unless prevented, behave as if it deserved to be violated. In the event of a state referendum they will be joined by a sufficient number of wet voters, who for reasons not connected with prohibition preferred Pepper or Pinchot, to amount in all probability to a substantial majority of the state electorate.

The most significant aspect of this result is not the failure of Pinchot and the success of Vare so much as the defeat of Pepper. If Governor Pinchot had been elected he would, in our opinion, have served the people of Pennsylvania far more honestly and intelligently than either of his rivals, but he scarcely would have represented their wishes and point of view. They are neither progressive as he is nor militantly prohibitionist nor hostile to machine politics nor of questionable party loyalty. So far as the prohibition issue is concerned Senator Pepper's chief function in the campaign was to expose the insincerity of its clerical protestant supporters. Republican prohibitionist clergymen urged Pinchot to withdraw on the pretext that the Governor was dividing the dry vote. There would have been some force to this plea if Senator Pepper had been genuinely dry, but obviously the only unmistakably dry candidate was the Governor. The effect of Mr. Pepper's equivocal stand on prohibition was not to divide the dry from the wet vote and to unite the thorough-going drys, but to deprive the issue as he represents it of any reality. He is a symbol of the existing status and enforcement of the law. He is afraid either to propose its modification or pay the price of its enforcement. It is essential, if American government is to regain some dignity and integrity, to put this equivocal position with respect to prohibition out of business. The defeat of Pepper will contribute effectively to such a result.

It foreshadows, we hope, the advent of a new intolerance in American politics which will discourage candidates for federal offices from behaving as if they were for and against the enforcement of prohibition. Senator Reed of Pennsylvania divined immediately the coming of a better day and declared for a state referendum whose verdict would determine his own future attitude toward prohibition. His example will be imitated by many other politicians of both parties. Apparently Senator Reed cherishes a curious idea that referenda on prohibition will somehow take prohibition out of politics, but obviously every state which votes in favor of its own right to define an intoxicating beverage is voting to keep prohibition in politics until the Volstead act is modified. The value from the anti-prohibitionist standpoint of state referenda is two-fold. They afford the best possible opportunity for wet propaganda and they tend to weaken still further the administration of the law. But eventually the issue will have to be decided in Washington as the result of votes which are cast for the election of federal officials. What the American people await and need is a revised national decision with respect to prohibition. They can reach and register that decision only through federal political agitation and agencies. In order eventually to banish the prohibition red herring they must for many years put up with it as a subject, and we fear, the chief subject of national politics. And they must manage to reach a decision in spite of the fact that neither of the national parties, whose business it is to thresh out political issues for the American people, can afford to assume a definite stand on this all-important question of national policy.

From this point of view the results of the Pennsylvania primary election will have an important but by no means certain reaction on President Coolidge's chance for renomination and reëlection. Our Washington correspondent in another column interprets the defeat of Pepper, after his open support by Secretary Mellon, as the first clear and important indication of Mr. Coolidge's waning political prestige. No doubt he is right, and in all probability it will be followed next fall by Republican losses and Democratic gains all over the country. But manifestly there would be nothing necessarily disastrous or even threatening to Mr. Coolidge's

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prospects for 1928 in such a setback. It would remain true that neither the Democrats nor the progressives provide a positive popular political alternative to Coolidge Republicanism, and this advantage would be as decisive in the election of 1928 as it was in the election of 1924. The defeat of Senator Pepper raises for President Coolidge a more serious and unmanageable question than that of the ebb and flow of his personal prestige. It may indicate that President Coolidge will find an equivocal attitude with respect to prohibition as disastrous for his reëlection in 1928 as Senator Pepper did in 1926. That he will have to assume a neutral attitude similar to that of Mr. Pepper seems to be certain, but it is doubtful as yet whether an attempt to dodge the issue will elect or defeat him. If he is opposed, as Senator Pepper was, by an unequivocally wet and an unequivocally dry candidate, he may be beaten, and what the nature of this opposition is will depend upon the size of the demonstration in voting strength which the anti-prohibitionists can manufacture during the next two years. It is entirely possible that a western dry candidate who could poll in addition the discontented farmer vote might take away enough support from Mr. Coolidge to elect a wet Democrat. If Pepper is not hot enough for the voters of Pennsylvania, it may not do Mr. Coolidge any good to keep cool.

From Social Work to Social Science

THE National Conference of Social Work (known until 1916 as the Conference on Charities and Corrections) now gathered in Cleveland for its fifty-third annual meeting, has come to be a convention of craftsmen, an exchange of technical experience among those whose business it is to exemplify the beneficent and humane spirit of the American people. Fortunate Americans have for almost a century invested a certain proportion of their surplus in goods and services for the benefit of their less fortunate fellow countrymen. Societies for the improvement of the condition of the poor emerged simultaneously with the expansion of wealth and the consequent rise of class distinctions. Organized charity, now astonishingly specialized and diversified, has been woven into the texture of our national life. We need, therefore, to confront its motives, its disciplines, and its results with pertinent questions.

Charity conceived as a Christian virtue frequently becomes one of those subtle hypocrisies which tricks us into believing that selfish motives will be interpreted unselfishly. "Charity in the early Church was not concerned with the person seeking relief, but only with the glorification of the soul of the giver." Alas, such giving ends in double defeat: he who receives does not thereby learn how to lift himself to levels of self-reliance, and he who gives glorifies a deceived soul. And when virtuous giving is administered by committees and employed specialists self-deception spreads. This is not to say that we are able to escape self-deceit —any of us—but merely that vocational justification of an essentially selfish act in terms of compensating altruism is one of the great dangers which confronts every person who sets forth to do good to his fellow-men. The professional philanthropist (or charity-dispenser) may save himself from becoming misanthropic and cynical if he possesses what is euphemistically called a *sense* of humor, and what reformer off duty has not chanted either to himself or to a companion who shares his secret:

> I wish I loved the human race;
> I wish I loved its smiling face;
> I wish I liked the way it walks;
> I wish I liked the way it talks;
> I wish when introduced to one
> That I could feel "what jolly fun."

But no, the profession of philanthropy conceived in these terms is not a healthy vocation or avocation; it represents an escape from reality. Again the mischief proceeds in two directions: the person who tries to avoid the objective facts involved in human relations is forced thereafter to utilize large portions of his life for nothing more than a make-believe compensation for lost reality; his relation to others is henceforth adulterated, false, and possessed of a quality which elicits untrustworthy response. He, the escaper, is less than himself and his conduct will not allow others to be fully themselves.

This element of "dishonesty against oneself" dwelt upon above has been recognized and accounted for by at least one large sector of the so-called public; the critically inclined believe that a certain amount of duplicity and insincerity is inherent in all conduct classified as philanthropy, charity, uplift, reform, or welfare. They believe that charity covers multitudes of sins and sinners, that it should begin at home and remain there, and that those who are active in its ministrations are the aggressors or their allies who find it profitable to substitute alms for justice.

Politics, religion and charity—sinners all against the spirit of science, against freedom, and against a certain kind of personal integrity: and perhaps charity is still the greatest of these three disciplines of life—greatest in guilt and in promise—which have earned the disesteem or apathy of important persons in the modern world. And, by important persons is meant intellectual and emotional radicals, middle-aged liberals and reformers grown tired and stale in the struggle for gradual improvement; scientists who doubt the basic assumptions upon which charity proceeds, and young people who retain sufficient faith in humanity to desire service in its behalf. Large groups of business men are,

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of course, also critical; they believe charity to be a cumbersome, sentimental and indirect means for accomplishing what they conceive to be a simple end; these are also important persons, but they, for the most part, still do their objecting vocally; in the end they send their checks to the treasurer. Briefly, those who are most impatient with charity are persons who wish to engage in constructive, not amelioriative, activities; those who contend that charity is merely one of the means which power groups utilize for maintaining the status quo; those who aim directly at collective justice and hence have no time for individuals who are for the moment disadvantaged; those who hold that doing good to others makes for dishonest relationships; and those who reject charity because its processes are not adequately founded upon science. Each of these objections is in some measure valid, and taken together amount to a serious impeachment of the whole business of philanthropy and charity. But, each criticism is also in its way invalidated by the fact that it is founded upon partially false premises, is incomplete, and does not take into account the more recent changes. Some forms of charity still deserve all these castigations, but the forward rank of social workers is creating a new technique, a new philosophy, and a new spirit which, if it succeeds in winning the day, will transform old-style philanthropy into a genuine social therapeutics.

Social work conceived as the "business of producing, changing or adjusting social organization and procedure in the interest of human welfare according to scientific standards" constitutes a reversal of the older formula. This definition recognizes two factors in the total process of adjustment: the individual and social organization. The statesmanship of social work is guided, not by an ideal or perfect society in the abstract, but by social organization in some particular and specific relation to an individual's welfare. But, what is welfare? Group compulsions make themselves felt in this area. An individual fares well in the eyes of some if he succeeds in building up a personal fortune, in rearing a family, in performing good work, in living peaceably with his neighbors, et cetera, et cetera. These are all variable standards which prescribe the minimum valuations of any given community. The individual who cannot adjust himself and his affairs in some degree to these minimum components of welfare will naturally be unhappy; he cannot fare well in any really human sense unless he can get himself, i. e., his personality and what he does, accepted by some group. On the other hand, if these standards become compulsory, he can never rise to his own level, can never become anything more than an oppressed slave in a bureaucratic community.

Adjustment consequently is a dual process: the forms of social organization need to be adjusted in such manner as to produce cohesion among the constituent units, and the individuals need to be adjusted to the social forms without sacrificing their essential freedom. Professional social workers of the past have been over-eager to bring pressure to bear upon individuals out of adjustment, but they have not been equally zealous critics of social institutions. Younger social workers—younger, that is, in method—now see that they cannot become instruments of one-sided adjustment without at the same time becoming conservative props for all existing forms of social control; they begin to realize that professional self-respect demands that they, too, labor on the side of freedom. The social diagnostician who places all of the blame for maladjustment upon the individual and none upon the social order must in the end become servile to those whose interests are vested in that order. He must, in short, become a tool of the power-groups. This is what the young workers are beginning to see with considerable clarity. They will not be contented to enter a profession which aims to minister to the unadjusted, dependent, delinquent and defective individuals of society without being at the same time free to inquire into the ways by which such a society is manipulated, the ways by which the accepted social process itself becomes one of the causes of maladjustment.

Social therapeutics means, not doing good to people, but helping them to find out how to do good by themselves. The physician may know what is good for his patient, but if he does not secure *the patient's coöperation nothing will come of his* knowledge. In an arbitrary society there might be (as indeed Plato imagined) social technicians, physicians who knew the good for others and moreover possessed the power to force it upon them whether they wanted it or not. In any case, we Americans are, as Henry Adams enjoyed saying, still predominantly conservative Christian anarchists; if pressed far enough, we will always fall back upon the axiom that "the soul that sinneth it shall die" and not the society of which the soul is a part. In short, we believe fundamentally in individual responsibility—which means that we may not know where we're going, but we refuse to be led by the hand by someone who presumes to know. Collectivist programs consciously arranged as a philosophy of life—socialism and communism—make little real headway among us precisely because we are still, in spite of the large influx of continental Europeans, individualists dominated by the psychology of the frontiersman and the Puritan. It is not strange, therefore, that social work in America is largely individual work, i. e., a technique for solving unadjusted situations by seeking causes in individual personalities and applying solutions through individuals.

Mental hygiene has given social work a new lease on life by taking advantage of, capitalizing, this individualistic approach. Show an American citizen with means and a disposition to be generous an individual in distress and he will invariably be

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moved to aid. Show this same citizen a group and he will find the greatest difficulty in visualizing distress. The individual, the particular, fits into the scheme of our pragmatic way of thinking. We know how to deal with individual units. No social agency would dare make an appeal to one of the large financial foundations today without including somewhere in the budget an item for individualistic mental hygiene even if orthodox family case work was the intended function. Psychiatric social work, anomalous as the term may sound, is the current fashion.

This tendency to localize the causes of maladjustment, to individuate social frictions, opens another door to a more permanent and a more genuine form of professional social therapeutics. In so far as mental hygiene relies upon an objective psychology for its diagnostic technique it tends to merge mental, physical and social factors. The person whose welfare is disturbed and whose disturbance throws others out of adjustment is an unwell, a sick person. Thus psychological, physiological and sociological categories tend to flow together, to merge or focus upon some individual in relation to a definite environment. Here are problems which call for highly-trained observers, persons thoroughly imbued with scientific spirit, and skilled in the delicate, experimental task of releasing personalities and revivifying environments. If social unadjustments and chronic maladjustments may be attributed to mental as well as physiological and sociological factors, there can be no doubt that the future will call for increasing numbers of skilled specialists; certainly, there are no signs in modern life which lead one to anticipate a diminution of mental instabilities.

Here then is a new force in social work and for the most part a wholesome one. We shall, of course, carry the psychiatric emphasis too far—if indeed we have not already done so. Social workers equipped with psychiatric technique will develop blind spots. They will, like all devotees of fashions, upset the balance, throw the entire line of advance out of proportion, and in their apostolic excitement they will band themselves into cults. They will, that is, become separatists and in so far as they detach themselves from other specialists will become dogmatic partisans. Nothing, of course, is worse for science, but now that the dangers are evident the evil effects may be minimized by good-natured foresight.

Thoughtful people everywhere are expressing misgivings and asking searching questions, of which the above are merely samples, about this new profession called social work. Proper answers will, of course, not appear until professional workers, directing boards and financial supporters become conscious of the impact which social work makes upon American life and thought. These persons, enmeshed as they are in technical and administrative details, will not meet their opportunities unless they are from time to time sharply challenged. It is not a part of American genius to select pre-determined goals and henceforth devote all energy to their attainment, but it is central to whatever philosophy of life we possess to inquire of leaders the direction in which we assume to go. Social work appears at present to be guided by an inadequate sense of direction. Indicative of its promise for the future are its changing technique, its striving for positive or preventive methods, and the astounding dynamic of its most devoted supporters.

Now it cannot be successfully argued that efficiency—elimination of waste—can ever be justifiably discounted. Man's whole existence on earth has been one consecutive venture to get things done with a minimum of effort. And any civilization which methodically includes social adjustment as one of its essential functions must sooner or later face the question of relative costs. If the expense for rehabilitating the marginal members of society is too great, the burden thereby placed upon ordinary citizens will overbalance results. But efficiency may also come too dear; we may find that successful money-raisers, federation-secretaries and campaign-directors will influence social work as a whole in such manner as to produce anti-social effects. Taking their cue from the methods of big business they may come in time to force upon the community a technique of autocracy which will throw them and social workers out of adjustment. They may, that is, bring social work as a community force into alignment with anti-liberal, anti-democratic—and in the end anti-creative—attitudes and pressures. The dominant leaders of pre-efficiency social work, the strain typified by Jane Addams, will discover that they can no longer utilize their positions as focal points of ferment, as platforms from which renewing challenges to current preconceptions will issue. And it will be a sorry day for this most human of all humanistic professions when it no longer sends forth fresh currents of thought calculated to disturb the false complacency of a people lulled into intellectual slumber by superficial material success.

Another Farmers' Defeat

POLITICAL revolt of the farmers is a hardy perennial, but it assumes so many forms from time to time and throws out so many sports that it never settles down into a staple crop of satisfaction. The green-back and free-silver agitations are of course ancient history; farmers seem to have ceased looking for their salvation in currency or credit reform since their outburst against the Federal Reserve Board for the deflation of 1920-1921. North Dakota made good headway with state enterprises of various sorts, followed at a distance by Minnesota and other wheat states; this movement effected a junction with others for the La Follette

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campaign of 1924, only to diminish in political significance when the Great Power fostering the Republican party and the good Calvin saw to it that the wheat crop of the rest of the world was poor in a year when that of our Northwest was abundant. This time the corn-growers further east have been the protestants; but their cherished Haugen bill has had hard sledding with the administration. Why? Surely with such a formidable rival as ex-Governor Lowden in the offing Mr. Coolidge would be cautious in opposing a measure likely to interest the farmers in 1928 as much as in 1926. But that is just the point. The President is undoubtedly thinking that with a fair run of luck before 1928, the corn crop will be smaller and high-priced again, and that those who have lost on corn will have made something on hogs. Then the corn belt's revolt will, he thinks, go the way of the wheat belt's in 1924.

The trouble with the farmers' revolt is not that they do not have serious grievances, or that they ask for too much. The trouble is that their evils are more deep-seated than they realize; they do not ask for enough. The reforms they are induced from time to time to support are in large part either ineffective patent-medicines which cannot in the nature of things remain long in favor, or are attempts to secure results which are secondary and may arrive in the natural course of events without the aid of the measures desired. So often has an occasional year of good fortune brought the farmer votes back into the laps of the political machines that seasoned regular politicians are somewhat contemptuous of the staying-power of agricultural discontent. If what the farmer really wants above all else is a rise in the price of crops and the value of land, the cynical boss may be right in thinking that the want is better satisfied by Republican weather than by Republican legislation.

There is almost always a farmers' minority which sees clearer and thinks further—as in the case of North Dakota and the more determined agricultural nucleus of the farmer-labor movement. But this nucleus of staying-power takes a different direction from the proponents of the Haugen bill. In our opinion the leaders who sponsored this proposal made two mistakes—one of aim and one of method—which would have rendered their efforts unsuccessful in the long run even if the bill had become a law. The farmers are right in thinking that they have been waging a losing battle of competition with manufacturing production in the United States. But they are wrong, in our opinion, when they attribute the superior success of corporate business solely to such a thing as the protective tariff, and attempt to recreate a balance by forcing their way into the protected circle. To consider themselves as business men, to look for their reward in speculative profits through rising prices, in the appreciation of the value of the land they own just as business men profit by the appreciation of their capital holdings, and to achieve this result by employing the technique of tariff protection and dumping surplus products abroad, is not to solve the agricultural problem. A few of the more fortunate may temporarily profit in this way, but in the main agriculture is incapable of the kind of organization which privately-owned profit-seeking business has developed. When the farmers find a sound program they will find one which is at once more varied and more fundamental. Instead of trying to tag on behind business, they will try to create an economic order in which agriculture will be at home.

The farmer's chief function in the community should be that of a worker performing a service rather than that of a property-owner seeking gain. When the farmer ceases translating higher prices for crops into higher prices for land, when either as tenant or owner he organizes himself as a functioning class for the purpose of performing his task as well as possible and gaining a just reward for his labor, he will develop a program which will not change with every changing wind. Coöperative marketing lies in this direction—provided, of course, farmers learn how to coöperate in spirit as well as in word. Clearing the channels of distribution and eliminating waste all the way to the retail consumer also is a real concern of the farmer. State and regional planning, which will prevent the growth of top-heavy and inefficient cities, which will decentralize industry geographically and which will keep good farm lands for farm use within reasonable distance of markets, is of first importance. Control of the rapidly expanding electric power systems in the public interest, so that the retail consumer may receive the advantage of lower production costs, so that industry may be decentralized and so that waste in development may be avoided, is of even more concern to the farmer than to the city dweller. There is plenty for the farmer to do in politics and out of it which business will not do, which in many important cases business will oppose. To ape business and to expect favors from a business man's party is for the farmer doubly to court despair.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1926, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
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The Silent Mr. Coolidge

I

MR. COOLIDGE, in his quiet way, pours into the microphone an average of 8,688 words a month, addresses by word of mouth or by special communication some seventy-five different kinds of public gatherings annually, unburdens himself each year of words enough in public addresses to fill two fair-sized novels, and preserves meantime a reputation as the silent man in the White House. Silent? So is Doctor Crane.

I am speaking of course of Mr. Coolidge as a public figure. There is no reason to believe that away from his public Mr. Coolidge is not a silent man. He may even be as silent as he appears to be in the endless run of anecdotes which emanate from Washington. But public life is another matter. There Mr. Coolidge is not a silent man, but a very noisy man. He is by no means economical with words. He squanders words. If an impression prevails that he is silent the only possible explanation is that heads nod in the audience and not everybody listens. The words themselves are there. For instance:

Fifteen public addresses annually are about an average quota for an American President in a year in which there is no national election. Thus Woodrow Wilson, who is commonly thought of as a man of words, and who by comparison with Calvin Coolidge might seem to be garrulity itself, delivered thirteen public addresses in the first year of his first term (1913) and delivered seventeen public addresses in the first year of his second term (1917). Mr. Coolidge is now serving the first year either of his first or second term, as you have a mind to call it, and in the matter of public oratory just about outmatches Woodrow Wilson two to one. His record for last year consisted of twenty-eight speeches as against Wilson's best with seventeen. But this was only the beginning. In addition there are to be chronicled some sixty statements, letters given to the press and messages to public meetings, plus a steady barrage of comment via the Official Spokesman. The record runs as follows:

Public addresses: Six in January, two in February, one in March, three in April, four in May, three in June, one in July, four in October, one in November and three in December. Total—28.

Official statements, etc.: Seven in January, eleven in February, six in March, two in April, seven in May, one in June, six in July, one in August, one in September, one in October, seven in November and eleven in December. Total—61.

Unofficial statements via the Official Spokesman: Twenty-five in January, seventeen in February, twelve in March, nine in April, thirteen in May, eleven in June, twenty-one in July, eighteen in August, thirteen in September, fifteen in October, twelve in November and ten in December. Total—176.

Grand total for the year—265.

One day in every four Mr. Coolidge is not talking.

II

Now it is no sin, surely, for a man in public life to talk a lot. The notes which follow do not argue that. They are simply addressed to the one factor in the tradition of a strong, silent, decisive President which lends itself most readily to quantitative examination, namely: Mr. Coolidge's alleged taciturnity. Such an examination is worth while partly for the light it throws upon a myth of silence which has become a national institution, and more especially for the light it throws upon certain of the methods by which Mr. Coolidge works his wonders.

We can begin with the fact that Mr. Coolidge not only talks in public frequently (265 times a year), but talks at length. His formal addresses are not snapped off short. They average something more than thirty-seven hundred words apiece. A single one of them, last year, out-ran by some eight hundred words the Constitution of the United States. Moreover, all of this comes apparently with little effort. Consider for a moment that category of public statement which the public knows as apple sauce.

All Presidents, like all captains of industry and all moving picture stars, are constantly being asked to back this worthy cause, to back that worthy cause, to say something friendly to this gathering and drop a genial note to that one. Compliance with such requests is no heinous crime, but a rather perfunctory practice which some men enjoy and others do their best to dodge. Only because Mr. Coolidge has this amazing reputation as a man of silence from whom it is difficult to prod a single extra word, is it worth noting that in matters of this sort he is always ready to oblige. Presidential messages go everywhere. So do Presidential felicitations. The National League of Baseball Clubs is celebrating its fiftieth birthday? Congratulations from the White House (February 3). Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Buckelew are celebrating their seventieth wedding anniversary? Congratulations from the White House (January 10). Mrs. G. Fox is one hundred and five years old next Tuesday? Congratulations from the White House (July 29). The Mikado of Japan is due to have a silver wedding? Congratulations from the White House (May 11). All this is perfectly proper and perfectly harmless, and in spots definitely gracious. What it shows is simply a great readiness without regard to the importance of the occasion to make

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use of words. If Mr. Coolidge really hated public talk it would be difficult to get him going. It is not difficult to get him going. It is very easy to get him going. He rises willingly, however late the hour, to address a few remarks. So willingly, in fact, that he dispatched not one Lincoln's birthday message last year, but three; that he was ready to send a special White House message even to the Supreme Convention of the Mystic Prophets of the Veiled Realm, whatever that may be; and that he dispatched a cablegram to King Boris of Bulgaria on the occasion of the latter's turning thirty-one. If cabling the King of Bulgaria on his thirty-first birthday is not going out of one's way to make an opportunity to be chatty, merely for the sake of being chatty, reason totters.

III

A third point about Mr. Coolidge as a talker, and the first point at which the pattern of a design begins to enter into his public talking, is that he chooses audiences for his more ambitious efforts with a catholicity of taste which is remarkable. It is a time-honored formula imparted to local candidates for local office by their campaign managers that they scatter their speeches so as to nail on at least one occasion every local crowd which has a name. This principle Mr. Coolidge carries into national politics with great fidelity. The pattern is not easily discernible in the run of news from day to day. But it is unmistakable in the résumé of a year's effort. Not with a pair of calipers could Mr. Coolidge parcel out his time more carefully between different races, different creeds and different occupations.

Thus, last year, Mr. Coolidge addressed the Germans on March 12, the Norwegians on June 8, the Negroes on June 25, the Swedes on July 1, the Irish on July 21, the Latin-Americans on October 28 and the Italians on November 24.

Thus he addressed the Episcopalians on January 18, the Jews on May 3, the Catholics on July 21, the Congregationalists on October 20 and the Baptists on December 14.

Thus he addressed the automobile men on January 6, the building men on January 12, the trust company men on February 19, the investment bankers on December 8, the labor bankers on May 19, the newspaper editors on January 17, the moving picture magnates on July 26, the marine engineers on January 22, the mining engineers on December 9, the mechanical engineers on December 4, the farmers on January 5, on May 21 and on December 7.

The formula is one speech to the crowd and only one, except in the case of the farmers who draw three.

It is as if Mr. Coolidge kept a card index of races, religions and business affiliations in his desk drawer, and checked off entries as he went along.

IV

Up to this point, in the matter of choosing forums and complying with requests for statements and delivering addresses, the Mr. Coolidge whom we have been discussing is Mr. Coolidge, President of the United States. Let us turn now to Mr. Coolidge, the Official Spokesman.

The institution of the Official Spokesman has been much discussed, much criticized and as heartily defended. Actually, as every adult reader knows by this time, the Official Spokesman is simply Mr. Coolidge by another name: Mr. Coolidge talking to the news reporters, answering questions which seem safe and sane, refusing to answer questions which seem explosive. This practice is criticized on the ground that it makes for irresponsibility. It is defended on the ground that there are many points of view to which the President cannot permit his name to be attached, but which are none the less enlightening to his interviewers. It is not the purpose of these notes to enter into a theoretical discussion of a question whose theory has often been debated elsewhere, but to trace on the basis of a year's perspective the net result of the system once it has been put in practice.

Here it is to be noted, first, that the Official Spokesman is as communicative an individual as the Official Spokesman's master. In fact, he is something like twice as communicative. For while Mr. Coolidge was making 89 official appearances before the public in the course of a year, the Official Spokesman, as we have noted, was making 176 unofficial appearances before the public in the same period.

Nor is this all. What is more important is the fact that the Official Spokesman really ventures now and then into the actual problems which confront the government. Let us compare, for a moment, the performance of Mr. Coolidge and his alter ego in any month of 1925. Perhaps the first month will do as well as any other. Mr. Coolidge, in January, delivered six addresses to the following assemblages: to the National Council of Farmers' Coöperative Marketing Associations, to the Association of General Contractors of America, to the American Society of Newspaper Editors, to the National Women's Conference on the Cause and Cure of War, to the Budget Organization of the government and to the Foreign Missions Convention of the United States and Canada. In these six addresses one will find much reflection, much faith in the future (particularly of business) and unbounded admiration for the United States and all its works. But one will find little about Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Coolidge's own policies. Such topics are reserved for the Official Spokesman.

Thus, while the President was off discussing the greatness of this and the grandeur of that, the Official Spokesman was coming down to brass tacks in the matter of the nation's public business. In this same January, for example, he was debating

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the extremely practical question of gun elevation to meet an implied threat from the British navy, he was discussing in dollars and cents the success of American war claims in the Paris Economic Conference (one would not have known from the addresses of the official Mr. Coolidge that such a conference had even been in progress), he was discussing the highly contentious question as to the degree in which the settlement of American claims had involved this country in the economics of the Dawes agreement, he was defining the attitude of his administration toward farm legislation, departmental reorganization and a conference on armaments, and he was advising his party what to do with its rebel Congressmen, a problem which the President himself had not discussed before, and has not mentioned since.

The record of this one month (it happens to have been January) is duplicated in the record of every other month. Except in those cases in which Mr. Coolidge has inherited a policy from someone else (the World Court from Mr. Harding, the Mellon plan from Mr. Mellon, etc.) it is always the Official Spokesman who breaks new ground and never the President himself. The President comes along months afterward, if he comes along at all. Frequently he does not come at all. Thus, to date, it is only the Official Spokesman who has ever discussed the important question of the administration's embargo on private loans abroad, only the Official Spokesman who has ever discussed the Van Sweringens or Colonel Mitchell or the treaties of Locarno, only the Official Spokesman who has ever told Mr. Dawes to expect no help from the White House with his celebrated rules reform, only the Official Spokesman who has ever discussed in detail the settlement of this country's loans to Europe. It is the Official Spokesman who does the real discussing. The President himself blesses the congregation, presses the button at national and international exhibitions and autographs the souvenirs.

In our present system of political control in the United States the President has become a decorative monarch like George the Fifth of England. The Official Spokesman is the real Prime Minister and directing genius of the government.

V

To such eminence has the Official Spokesman come. It remains only to be said, within the scope of the present set of notes, that one of the chief duties imposed upon the Official Spokesman in an administration given not to silence but to many words is the duty (logical enough) of using words to create an illusion of activity. As clear an instance here as any other is the record of the Official Spokesman and the coal strike. It is a record which has left no sharp impression on the public's mind because its various incidents were strung out over a period of half a year. But when these incidents are brought together they compose an extraordinary chapter in the use of language as a substitute for action. The story runs as follows:

It was on the 1st of last July that the first hint of a possible coal strike reached the public, in a statement issuing from John L. Lewis. Few people took the suggestion seriously. As always, the possibility of a nation-wide strike in a basic industry seemed months away, and quite unreal. This being the case, the Official Spokesman took immediate advantage of the situation. He was all for action. The President, he announced, "would act promptly to avert a coal strike." This statement was made to the press on the 1st of July, the very day on which Mr. Lewis's discussion of the outlook was first published.

Two weeks passed. Negotiations between miners and operators were now progressing somewhat more precariously in Philadelphia. On July 18 the Official Spokesman appeared in print again. He was not so ready now to announce that the President would "avert" a coal strike. There was, obviously, considerably more chance now of a real coal strike coming. But the President, said the Official Spokesman, was "studying the situation." With Secretary Davis he had "mapped out a program of action in case negotiations failed."

Another two weeks passed. On August 1 negotiations reached an impasse. On August 2 the Official Spokesman undertook again to reassure his public. This time the President was not planning to "avert" the coal strike. He was not even "mapping out a program of action in case negotiations failed." For negotiations by this time had done just that. What the President was planning now, said the Official Spokesman, was "not to act until the miners struck." Once more the finger wobbled on the trigger.

Time hustled its crisis. Another two weeks passed. The fat was in the fire. With negotiations broken off, the conference adjourned and a strike plainly on its way, it was announced by the Official Spokesman on August 23 that the President was "preparing." Preparing not for anything in particular this time. Just "preparing." Four days later the strike broke, and the Official Spokesman held his tongue.

What the President was "preparing" for became increasingly evident with time. He was preparing to look sternly in the opposite direction. It is a remarkable fact that from the first day of September all through the rest of that month and all through October not one peep, official or unofficial, casual or premeditated, definite or indefinite, on the subject of coal or the subject of arbitration or anything remotely associated with either one, was forthcoming from this Official Spokesman who had been so primed for action when the strike was months away.

For eight weeks the Official Spokesman main-

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tained a silence on the subject of coal as complete and as perfect and as all-embracing as the silence of the grave itself. Not until the strike had run on for two months and some of the administration's critics had begun to make capital out of the deaf-dumb-and-blind attitude of the administration toward it, did the Official Spokesman recover an interest which he had suddenly and completely lost on September 1. On November 2, with the strike two months old, winter coming and the public fretting, the Official Spokesman took up coal again, and denied that the administration had been marking time. Marking time? Not much. All this time the President had "only been awaiting an acute situation." Even now he was tugging at the leash, awaiting only the development of a state of mind "in which public sentiment will approve decisive action."

Talking again. Drawing from a treasure-house of words new symbols as a substitute for action, thundering ahead to new crises on the microphone.

And did the moment ever come when Mr. Coolidge concluded that public sentiment was all that it should have been, thus freeing him for action which would be nothing if not decisive? Ask the question from the hills and stuff your ears before the echo laughs you down.

CHARLES MERZ.

The First Fruits of the British Gold Standard

THE currency discussions which preceded Mr. Churchill's first budget a year ago ranged over two distinct questions—whether gold is the best available objective standard for our money, and whether it was wise to link our existing money to gold at a parity which was about 10 percent higher than the level to which wages, the cost of living and the wholesale prices of raw materials were then adjusted. The first was a long-period problem not likely to be settled for many a year yet. The second was an immediate practical issue. Consequently what I and most others were busy in arguing early last year was mainly the second question. That, after a year's experience, is also the subject of this article.

Let me remind the reader how last year's argument ran. If all transactions expressed in money were to be changed by 10 percent simultaneously, then no harm would be done. But in practice, so the argument ran, this does not happen. Some prices, of which the wholesale prices of raw materials entering into international trade are typical, adjust themselves rapidly. Others, of which the cost of living is typical, are stickier and move more slowly. Others, of which wages are typical, are stickier still. Others, of which interest on the national debt and a number of other budgetary commitments are typical, being contractual and only alterable by something in the nature of repudiation, do not move at all. The evil consequences arise from these differing rates of adjustment and from the fact that it is extremely difficult to accelerate the slower moving ones except by methods of deflation or of repudiation, which are objectionable in other ways. Pending adjustment the British export trades, which are producing at one level of costs and selling at another, will be seriously depressed and unemployment aggravated; whilst when the adjustment is complete the problem of the budget will remain permanently heavier because, measured in money, the revenue will fall off whilst much of the expenditure is fixed. Last year I particularly emphasized the difficulty of reducing money wages and the permanent aggravation of the weight of the national debt.

How do these arguments look after a year's interval? Wholesale prices have fallen 13 percent, the cost of living has fallen 4 percent, and money wages have fallen by less than 1 percent. Meanwhile wholesale prices in the United States have fallen 6 percent. Thus relative wholesale prices have fallen, as they were certain to fall, by the greater part of the amount of the rise in the exchange; the cost of living has been stickier; and money wages have been even more recalcitrant than one would have expected, inasmuch as they have scarcely moved at all. Thus British exporters have had to sell at lower prices measured in sterling whilst many of their costs, especially wages, have fallen very little. At the same time, although—since the adjustments are not yet complete—the full burden on the budget still lies in the future, the revenue does not show the resiliency which, with a stable price-level, the normal course of progress and population would naturally produce.

The indirect results have also been what they were bound to be. In a year in which the productive activity of the United States has exceeded previous records, we have had a million unemployed and all the penury of a slump. The export industry, namely coal, the greatest proportion of the costs of which are wages, has been reduced to the verge of ruin. Britain's largest export industry, namely cotton, in spite of the cheapness of its raw material, is, though more self-reliant than coal, almost in despair at its losses. Shipbuilding scarcely exists. Iron and steel have been just maintained with the assistance of subsidized coal. The results have

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been what a year ago I feared they would be, but worse than I dared or cared to prophesy.

Meanwhile the government, without sufficient courage or foresight to face the full effects of its policy, has sought to retard rather than hasten the process of adjustment. The coal subsidy had no other object than to put off the evil day. The Bank of England's policy of deflation has been severe enough to aggravate unemployment and effective enough to balance the international account by attracting foreign balances to London, but not severe enough to end the period of transition or to effect the more difficult adjustments. In short, the lively hopes of last year's optimists have faded away.

Mr. Churchill could hardly altogether avoid mentioning the matter in this year's budget, which he would probably have preferred to do. But I venture to think that the calibre of the defence he offered was not worthy of his office. He did not mention the one solid advantage, which, in my opinion, the gold standard has gained, namely the improvement of London's position as a centre for holding international balances—there can be no doubt that foreign financial centres are more willing to deposit their surplus resources in London than they were before the return to gold. Mr. Churchill's defence began with the allegation that since the dollars which we owe the United States for our purchases and our debts work out at a smaller figure in sterling than they would if the dollar exchange value of sterling was lower—which is indeed an arithmetical certainty—therefore we have "saved" the difference! Mr. Churchill forgets that we have "lost" an equal percentage on all our exports.

He followed up this gem by declaring that the adjustments in international price levels have been completed—by which he means, presumably, that the sterling prices of export coal and other materials of international trade have fallen to the new sterling parity with the international price level. Poor innocent, to think that this was the adjustment which we feared it might be difficult to effect! The predicted trouble was attributable of course to the fact that the sterling price of export coal would fall rapidly, whilst the sterling wages of miners would fall much more reluctantly, if at all. This was the problem of adjustment. Mr. Churchill points triumphantly to the fall in the price of export coal (and similarly of other materials) as a proof that the coal trade's problem of adjustment is now complete! How can it be possible for one who knows so little what he is talking about to govern our course wisely? For Britain's economic and financial troubles have been of her government's own making. There is no reason why with another policy she might not be enjoying by now a fair measure of prosperity.

Both the above fallacies were clearly pointed out by Mr. Pethick Lawrence in the course of the budget debate. Mr. Churchill had an opportunity to reply. He did not take it.

The economy campaign against social services, the budget problem, the continued depression of employment, the losses of export industries, the last aggravation of the coal problem which has rendered it seemingly insoluble, are the first fruits of the gold standard.

J. M. KEYNES.

A Locarno for Central Europe

A FEW weeks after the catastrophe at Geneva, where the achievements of Locarno were almost wrecked by a sudden revival of nationalistic jealousies, and at a moment when Benito Mussolini threatens to enhance the European chaos by a new lining up of the powers in the south-eastern part of Europe, M. Eduard Benes is preparing to step before the world with his favorite idea of a "Central European Locarno." In spite of the still perceptible nervousness caused by the failure at Geneva, M. Benes is determined to submit his carefully drawn plan to his Jugoslavian and Rumanian colleagues in the last week of May, when the representatives of the Little Entente will meet in their usual conference at Veldes, a picturesque mountain resort in the Carinthian Alps. This Central European Locarno is planned by its sponsor as a logical continuation and necessary completion of the Western powers' Locarno agreement, that eliminated the danger spots in Western Europe, but left the Eastern part of the continent with its fermenting problems in a virtually chaotic condition with the danger of war ever present. The deep rooted hatred and centuries-old jealousies of the races and the unsettled restlessness of the politically unbalanced countries have been potential sources of dramatic surprises for the last seven years, and it is evident to those who know the dangerous undercurrents of Mid-European politics that the pacification of post-bellum Europe can never be complete without an unconditional settlement of the confused situation in the heart of the continent. Thus the idea of M. Benes, to settle the controversies of the countries along the Danube by a mutual guarantee agreement in the manner of the Locarno pact, would mean in fact nothing less than the elimination of the most acute danger spots of the European continent. In view of the extreme difficulties, however, which may block the road to a mutual reconciliation, it is no wonder that the plan of M. Benes is looked upon with a great deal of scepticism even by those statesmen who would greet the end of mutual distrust and intrigue with a great deal of candid relief.

M. Benes, of whom it is said in his native Prague that he not only knows *what* he has to do, but also *when* he has to do it, does not seem to share the pessimism of those who hold that the present moment is somewhat unluckily chosen for the suggestion of a mutual guarantee pact of the Central Eu-

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ropean countries. In an interview given after his return from Geneva to Prague this firm believer in peaceful settlements asserted that the failure at Geneva cannot be regarded as an obstacle in the way of a Central European Locarno. The Locarno pact had nothing to do with the problems of Central Europe and the fact that Brazil, Poland and Spain prevented Germany's entrance into the League of Nations does not interfere with the mutual interests of the Central European countries to find a modus vivendi, a platform on which they can insure their future peace and cultural evolution. The countries of Central Europe, in fact, did not play any part either in the Locarno conference or in the recent general mix-up at Geneva. They stood afar from the controversies of the great powers; they were not included in the Locarno agreement and their problems can be solved only by themselves. From the point of view of the struggling Mid-European countries nothing happened at Geneva, as nothing happened at Locarno, where they did not receive an invitation to join the great reconciliation party. Not even the new course Mussolini has taken by having settled Italy's old controversies with Jugoslavia can have any bearing on the general situation of the Danubian countries. In spite of the high-sounding phrases of the Roman Dictator, Italy will always play second fiddle in Central Europe and her influence will be a negligible quantity in comparison with France and England, who have invested hundreds of millions of dollars in the territory east of Prague and west of Bucharest. The Italo-Jugoslavian agreement settled the private controversies of the two countries and gave a free hand to Mussolini against Turkey, but it did not settle the Hungarian problem, in which Jugoslavia is far more interested, or the nationality problems of Central Europe, the settlement of which must be the basis of a Central European guarantee pact. The difficulties of Mid-Europe lie within its geographical borders and their solution must come from within and not from without.

This is the reason why M. Benes, while working on the plan of a Central European Locarno, is concerned with the real problems of the countries along the Danube river rather than worried because of the tragic setback the "Spirit of Locarno" received at the recent meeting of the League of Nations at Geneva.

A statesman with so keen an understanding of the realities of the diplomatic game as M. Benes is known to possess, would not go before the conference of the Little Entente, particularly at the present moment, with a vague scheme, without having certain definite suggestions for the solution of the problems, with which the proposed general conference of the Danubian countries would be confronted. From amongst the multitude of these problems the first two to be solved are the Hungarian and the Austrian questions. Without finding a platform for a working agreement with Hungary and without settling definitely the destiny of Austria, no order can ever be brought into the chaos east of the Austrian Alps and south of the Carpathians.

When M. Benes launched the first trial balloons for a Mid-European Locarno, the semi-official organ of the Prague Foreign Office aired unmistakable hints that the Little Entente would not adhere rigidly to the principle of the status quo towards Hungary. The Treaty of Trianon, which gave two-thirds of the territory of pre-war Hungary to Rumania, Jugoslavia and Czechoslovakia, intending to liberate the oppressed races from the Hungarian yoke, became the source of troubles for the victors as well as for the vanquished. By liberating the former nationalities of Hungary, the Treaty of Trianon went far beyond its intended mark and allotted vast territories with a pure Magyar population to Hungary's neighbors. Hungary became a purely national state, while at the same time her victorious neighbors received in addition to their own nationals more than three million Magyars and became confronted with a very serious nationality problem. In the first intoxication of the victory the three neighbors of Hungary followed a policy which in a short time proved to be a fatal mistake. They tried to solve their new problems by methods of oppression and persecution and instead of essaying to find a way for mutual reconciliation, they stuck to the regulations of the Treaty of Trianon and formed a ring of iron around Hungary by creating the Little Entente. The reaction in Hungary appeared in the form of a nationalistic, reactionary and terroristic government, which supports secret militaristic and irredentist organizations, keeps itself in power by confiscating the public liberties and is shielding a band of counterfeiters and adventurers who are ready at any time for a monarchistic putsch. The countries of the Little Entente have realized that they have bitten off too much Hungarian territory and are inclined to compromise with the Magyars. As far back as two years ago President Masaryk in an interview with a Hungarian journalist made an indirect proposal declaring that Czechoslovakia would be willing to return certain territories to Hungary if that country would change its governmental system on the basis of freedom and modern democracy and would put an end to the irredentist movement and the policy of putsches and adventures. At that time the Hungarian government feigned deafness and took no heed of the statements of M. Masaryk. Pretending to sacrifice everything for the welfare of the country, it refused to sacrifice itself.

The Hungarian question, however, has became a very pressing issue for the Little Entente, particularly for Czechoslovakia, and this is one of the reasons why M. Benes is so intensely interested in a Central European Locarno. The nationality problem has become threatening. The Slovaks have refused to become Czechs, the Germans have protested against the reckless methods of Czechiza-

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tion, and the Magyars have loudly demanded their cultural rights on the basis of the Treaty of Trianon. Rumania could not go far with its crusade against the Magyar minorities in Transylvania and Jugoslavia also has realized that a bit less Hungarian territory would mean a lot more for her. This is the reason why M. Benes's conciliatory proposal to revise the Treaty of Trianon did not meet with refusal on the part of the Rumanian and Jugoslavian press.

Of course, the condition of the concessions to Hungary would be the complete change of the governmental system in the Magyar state. The overwhelming majority of Magyars would greet this compromise with a sigh of relief. It is certain that a democratic government of the Left, backed up by the majority of Parliament, which would be elected on the basis of general franchise, would prefer mutual understanding and reconciliation with the neighboring states to a policy of putsches and adventures, particularly if the cultural rights of the Magyar minorities were guaranteed by the new agreement. It is almost as certain, however, that the present government, which could not be brought to a fall even by its proved complicity in the gigantic counterfeiting scandal, would hardly retire for the sake of getting back a considerable territory with about one million Magyars.

The problem of Austria is perhaps still more complicated. While this little country has been struggling along through all these years of financial crisis and economic depressions, it has become the object of partly realistic, partly fantastic schemes. It is evident that this torso of a state, an immense capital without a hinterland, cannot live without continued financial support from outside, and in its present status it has no chance for economic development whatsoever. It is clear to any unbiased observer that the only sound and radical solution of the Austrian problem would be its union with Germany. There is no one in Austria who, openly or secretly, would not be for an Austro-German union. The Labor organizations want it because of the possibilities offered by their union with the powerful Socialist party in Germany; the Royalists wish it because they see a greater possibility for the restoration of the monarchy if Austria becomes an integral part of the Reich.

The realization of the Anschluss idea, however, is nothing but a mere dream at the present time and even the most ardent unionists in Austria know that. The Little Entente and its high patron, France, are opposing it, Czechoslovakia fearing the encircling of its territory by Germans, Jugoslavia being afraid for her future possession of Carinthia, where she has swallowed up so many Germans that she is unable to digest them. Thus the basis of a Central European Locarno regarding Austria could be the mutual guarantee of the status quo with certain concessions on the part of Czechoslovakia and Jugoslavia to the German minorities. But even this not particularly radical settlement of the Austrian question may be blocked by the diverging interests of the Western powers, which consider Central Europe a chess board for their big game of imperialistic politics, where the various nations are nothing but pawns in the hands of the powerful players.

Immediately after the creation of the Little Entente under the patronage of France, England sought to counterbalance the dominating French influence in Central Europe and the Balkans. While Paris supported the Little Entente against Hungary and Austria, English diplomacy selected Budapest and Vienna as the basis of its operations. English bankers have invested huge sums in financial and industrial enterprises in Hungary and Austria and English diplomacy has become a powerful backer of the Budapest and Vienna governments against encroachments of the Little Entente. England's position is absolutely clear in these matters. England has nothing to fear from an Austro-German union or even from a restoration of the monarchy in Hungary or in Austria. The ultimate aim of English policy in that part of the continent is to counterbalance the French influence. Thus in the eventuality of a Locarno conference for Central Europe, English diplomacy would support the Hungarian and Austrian claims against the demands of the Little Entente, and even Italy. Until lately Italy followed a policy of favoring an Austro-German union as the best antidote against the restoration of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. This policy was briskly changed by Signor Mussolini, who saw a greater danger in a Germany bordering directly on Italy than in the wire-pullings of the Hapsburgists, who have not yet given up hope of seeing the great Danubian Empire restored. The recent agreement between Jugoslavia and Italy shows clearly the interesting change in Italy's foreign policy, which is favoring now a status quo in the Austrian question, a reconciliation with the Little Entente and a free hand towards Greece and Turkey, in which direction Mussolini-Cæsar intends to expand the borders of his second Roman Empire.

The greatest obstacle, however, in the way of a mutual understanding among the nations of Central Europe is not the imperialistic chess game of France, England and Italy, but the fact that the creation of purely national states is a geographical impossibility. Along the Danube the various races are so mixed up that whatever happens, every Central European country will have its nationality problem. Rumania, for instance, may be inclined to restore certain territories situated on the Hungarian frontier and inhabited by Hungarians, but deep in Transylvania, in the midst of the Rumanian sea, there will remain a Magyar island and a German island, both centuries-old cultures, both refusing to assimilate with a race culturally inferior to them. Czechoslovakia is the miniature copy of

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pre-war Austria with its innumerable nationalities. Besides the Germans in Bohemia and the Magyars in Slovakia, there are the Slovaks themselves violently opposed to the centralizing rule of Prague and demanding cultural rights as to the use of the Slovak language and the freedom of their own Slovak Church. In the eastern part of the country there is again a German island, with the "Saxons" of the Zips, and an island of another nationality, the Ruthenians, a Slav minority not related with the Czechs or the Slovaks. A Central European Locarno may not be able to solve this complex of the nationality problems. The only possible solution, proposed years ago by a group of sociologists, would be the transformation of the governmental system in every Danubian country, the abolition of centralized governments and the introduction of the cantonal system with a very far-reaching autonomy for the various national cantons. But, at the present time, such a transformation is a dream of a handful of idealists. The craze of nationalism, chauvinism and jingoism has reached its climax everywhere in Central Europe and the methods of the different governments in dealing with nationality problems are those of violence and oppression, resembling more the Middle Ages than our enlightened twentieth century.

In view of this complex of diverging interests the pessimism of the sceptics regarding a Central European Locarno is easy to understand. There is, however, another powerful factor, on which M. Benes may count. *It is the economic factor.* The Former Danube Monarchy was a natural geographical unit which fell to pieces with the creation of the new "national" states. Hatred, suspicion and shortsightedness created a commercial and economic anarchy along the Danube and south of the Carpathians. The transportation system, now regulated entirely by the different states from the point of view of cutting off the others from their natural economic outlets, has received a setback and its restoration would take years. Prohibitive and retaliatory custom duties have hindered the natural circulation of trade. The succession states of the former Hapsburg monarchy begin themselves to feel that they have to find a modus vivendi, a platform on which they may reorganize their confused and desolated finances and economic life. Whether they like each other or not, they have to live side by side and they cannot remove either the Carpathian mountains or the Danube. Perhaps this iron necessity of economics will bring about a Central European Locarno, even if without the "Spirit of Locarno." The races and the nations living in the Danube basin have been taught systematically by the Hapsburg régime, the motto of which was "Divide et Impera," to hate and to fight each other. After four centuries of hatred and fighting these same races and nations would need at least four decades to change their minds about their neighbors.

EMERY DERI.

Washington Notes

I HAD hoped to do considerable political philosophizing over the Pennsylvania primary results, but now the time has come there seems little left to say. It is rather dreadful of course to think of a great state such as Pennsylvania sending to the Senate a man of the type of Billy Vare, and he will come, I think, regardless of what the gallant Gifford may do to prevent. You cannot help deploring the fact that Pepper was not beaten by a better man. But that, so far as I can judge, is as far as regret goes here in Washington. Outside of the little White House circle and the small but exclusive group of statesmen tied in to the Mellon interests there is little genuine grief over the downfall of the righteous Pepper. Secretly I sense considerable gratification among many leading Republicans in and out of the Senate. They are not sorry—any of them—to see the smug serenity of the little Coolidge clique shattered and fear of the future enter into their midst, as it undoubtedly has. It is the first real bump they have had and it was a hard one. There are reasons for believing it will not be the last this year—that there are others, perhaps, not as hard, but most discouraging just the same, on the way. Watch Iowa on June 4—and Wisconsin and Vermont in September and, best of all, Massachusetts in November. Summer up at the Kirkwood camp is not going to be wholly free from care. The Secret Service men and Secretaries will have some trying times.

That Pennsylvania was a real political reverse for Mr. Coolidge and the first he has sustained since he became President no one disputes. Notwithstanding his effort to hide his hand under the cloak of neutrality he and his administration were made the issue by the Mellon-Pepper campaign in such an overpowering way as distinctly to damage his prestige and diminish his political and party influence not a little. It does not do to jump to extreme conclusions and I by no means agree with those Republican leaders who the morning after the primaries enthusiastically asserted that the Mellon-Pepper defeat marks the beginning of the end of Mr. Coolidge, that he will shrink in political stature from now on and that the rejection of the Mellon-Reed party management aspiration renders it impossible to renominate Mr. Coolidge in 1928. That seems to me to be going altogether too far at one jump and the idea is mainly inspired, I think, by the White House desires and aspirations of certain well known pillars of the Republican organization by whom Mr. Coolidge is not and never has been beloved either personally or politically. It may of course work out that way, but it is not a necessary corollary of the result. However, this is true—the Coolidge 1928 prospects have certainly been impaired by the slam he got in Pennsylvania and the desire so general among his party leaders to push him aside has been considerably strengthened and encouraged—and the chances of it being done much enhanced.

As for poor old Mr. Mellon, my own feeling about it is that he got extremely shabby treatment from his so-called friends. He had at the start done everything that lay in his power for Pepper and Reed when he

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wholeheartedly and without reserve placed behind them the weight of the Mellon banks and allied interests and gave to his nephew, W. L. Mellon, a free hand. In addition, to have dragged the old gentleman out to Pittsburgh, put him upon a platform and forced him to undergo the ordeal of reading a political speech, was neither fair nor right. Moreover, it was unnecessary. It meant no votes. It added no weight. All it did was to put Mr. Mellon in a position to reap the largest possible share of humiliation as a result of defeat. They might at least have written him a better speech. I don't know whether to blame the composition on Winston or Dave Reed, but it was bad—very bad indeed.

I said some months ago, I think, that if the Pepper ticket should fail it would not surprise me to see Mr. Mellon lose all interest in politics and withdraw soon after the close of the session from public life. It seems to me that is the reasonable and logical thing for him to do. This Pennsylvania primary victory not only makes Billy Vare United States Senator, but it makes him the Pennsylvania Republican boss, the full successor of Penrose. The next delegation from Pennsylvania to the national convention will logically, I should think, be a Vare delegation, picked and controlled by Vare. It is not likely, it seems to me, that Mr. Mellon will care to play politics with Mr. Vare. It wouldn't be any fun. If the "Mellon interests" had won control it would have been all right for the Vare interests to trail along, but with the Vare interests in control it is unthinkable for the Mellon interests to do the trailing. That is the way it seems to me and while I hasten to disclaim any inside information, I repeat it would not surprise me much to hear this summer that the old gentleman had decided the burdens of the Treasury were too great to carry any longer and having finished the task of settling the foreign debts, he desired to resume private life. And then what lamentations and tears there will be in banking circles! Every metropolitan financial district will be awash.

Before closing the door on this Pennsylvania primary fight—which, as I pointed out before, was in many ways the most significant and important held in this country in a long time—there are two other aspects that should be mentioned. One is that the Pepper defeat which lifts Vare to the position of undisputed boss of the state machine also throws its shadow over the seat of Senator Dave Reed, Mr. Mellon's official spokesman and defender in the Senate. Reed comes up for renomination in 1928 and as things stand now it looks as if his chances depended entirely upon the feeling toward him of Billy Vare, the new boss. It is no secret that at this moment those feelings are neither friendly nor favorable. They may change. In two years Reed and Vare may become political friends—they never will be personal friends—but if Vare lives and does not change, then Dave's chances of another term in the Senate would not, to me, seem good. Certainly this primary shook things up pretty generally. Another thing that ought to be noted is that that primary probably established a record for all time in the matter of money. As the New York World said the day following the vote, Newberry was a piker. The Senate rose up and roared over the expenditure of $185,000 in a Michigan primary ten years ago. Here is a fight where the estimates range from $2,000,000 to $5,000,000. Mr. Pepper's campaign could not have been made for less than half a million, and the Vare fight was almost equally costly. No such orgy of dollars has been seen in American politics. It beats all records, but it creates little or no comment or excitement, which is typical of our times.

Personally, while I really wince at the idea of Vare in the Senate there is consolation in the thought that the sort of combination back of Senator Pepper—banks, railroads, steel companies, corporations, national administration, newspapers, all lined up and directed by the family of the third richest man in the country, could not put it over. Regardless of the merits of the men and the issues I think it is a good thing to have had it demonstrated that that sort of combination is not, as we have been led to believe, always unbeatable. To have shown us that almost reconciles me to Vare. It goes a long way to atone for the roughness of his neck and the plenitude of his double negatives.

I had intended this week to write of other subjects pressing here in Congress, but this Pennsylvania result opens so wide a door for speculation that I have not been able to get away from it. Even now, having strung this out to inordinate length, I find I have not said a word as to the significance and bearing of the vote on the wet and dry issue. However, enough and plenty has been said in the daily press on that phase of the result. It has not lacked attention.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Martinéz Sierra

The Romantic Young Lady, by G. Martinéz Sierra, English version by Helen and Harley Granville Barker. Neighborhood Playhouse, May 4, 1926.

SUENO de una Noche de Agosto, as we see it at the Neighborhood Playhouse in the version by Helen and Harley Granville Barker, is to me on the whole a happy entertainment. The last act goes pretty thin and the second act is not so blest as the first; but the first act has all the charm of Martinéz Sierra and is full all through of a lovable craft and fine sense of comedy. The production is always most agreeable, the directing of Miss Agnes Morgan delightful and expert. Mr. Ian Maclaren brings to the rôle of the novelist the culture needed for an understanding of the character: Miss Dorothy Sands, as the aged Doña Barbarita, creates a character part of real elegance and distinction and marked by a steady advance in this young artist's progress; Miss Mary Ellis as the heroine gives a performance full of nuance and poetic comedy, an admirable variation from the more intense rôle that she plays on other nights in The Dybbuk, and a notable instance of good diction, good voice and good movement.

There must be many in the audience, however, for whom this occasion is less happy. For one thing, they are not at home with this classical inheritance of an art whose excel-

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lence arrives not so much from new or violent matter as from gradations and combinations within what is old or familiar. For another, the subtle, shifting nuance and the artificial rendering of such a poetic farce as The Romantic Young Lady is apt to prove somewhat elusive in our theatre. And, finally, their unfamiliarity with the works of this dramatist cuts off from these people the gain that this particular play might enjoy by way of reflection from his other work. For me at least The Romantic Young Lady shines very largely through this reflected lustre. What delights me most about it is Martinéz Sierra.

Martinéz Sierra, born in 1881, has been known now for more than a decade in Spain as a leader in Spanish modernism, social and literary, and as one of the leading figures in the Spanish theatre, as a dramatist, general author, director, theatrical manager and poet, with a truly Spanish mass of published works piled up to his credit—there are over forty of his plays, to be exact, and close to fifty books that are non-dramatic. His is a mind that essentially is one of elegy and quietism. The nature of the man who wrote The Kingdom of God, which is easily one of the most beautiful and one of the widest known of modern dramas, is a nature that is essentially gentle and versatile. His gift is without power save the power of an enveloping sense of beauty; its energy is supple and luminous; its facility remarkable. His range of material is wide. His canvas is crowded with characters, types, modes of life, all of which are drawn easily and distinctly; and to these characters and situations the background in every play has a highly dramatic and creative relation. The spirit behind these dramas is lovely and courageous at once; the manner of telling the story is direct and moving. And, though the content is often profound enough psychologically, sociologically, philosophically and so on, the method is one that creates a reality that speaks for itself and that the simplest member of an audience can be moved by and the most sophisticated cannot dismiss with condescension.

The Latin directness and the Latin rapidity, almost animal, of analysis, is always present in Martinéz Sierra. And nowhere do I know a better place to develop an acquaintance with Latin piety than in his work, the gentle sanity and sweetness of mind, the clear outlines of the virtues, the naïve humility in proud hot hearts, the need for lovable and amiable relationships among human beings and under God and the saints. There is a considerably less amount of all these elements in the comedy that we see at the Neighborhood, it is written more on familiar French models. But the characteristic elements are there, nevertheless, they give the play its warmth of tone as they appear in that family ménage, in the relation of the girl and the grandmother, in that devoted warfare, unique and pungent, between the old lady and her immemorial maid, Maria Pepa—is there anywhere a more perfect Latin scene than the sarcastic and homely and affectionate altercation before Maria Pepa gets her mistress to bed?

The story of Sueño de una Noche de Agosto, as we may see in the two volumes (Dutton) translated by the Barkers and Mr. John Garrett Underhill, begins with a young girl restless in the August night, her brothers on their way to the pleasures of the town, her grandmother sitting there with the dream of her long and much married life to brood upon. Every one goes, the room is left to Rosario, and she sits there alone in her negligée, with her book of verses, unable to read, vexed with what a woman's days must be in a world arranged by men. She turns out the light and sits mooning. A man's hat is blown through the window, to be followed soon after by the owner. He falls in love with the girl at first sight, they talk of her favorite novelist. Without telling her that he is the novelist in the flesh, he arranges another meeting. The other two acts serve only to wind up this half farcical adventure, and to give the grandmother, Doña Barbarita, a chance to make that last speech of hers, so characteristic of herself and of the dramatist—"I'm so old now, perhaps I've forgotten what the things are she wants most to learn about life."

The production of The Romantic Young Lady would be worth while if only to make this Spanish dramatist better known in our theatre. But it is interesting, too, as another stage in the Neighborhood's development of its repertory idea. The Little Clay Cart last season, a poetic and beautiful Hindu classic, done with great study and always con amore, and this season The Dybbuk, one of the successes of late years in the American theatre, have both been landmarks along the toilsome and significant road of repertory. As matters stand at present the Neighborhood Playhouse, of all the theatre groups in town that are aiming at a repertory experiment—and their number is growing of late—would seem to stand the best chance. Its past promises as much; and through that past and through the continuity and solidity of its organization, the sincerity and humility of its attitude, and the steady, unadvertised application of its workers, bent on what they are doing rather than on being heard of everywhere among the discriminate and the fools alike, it is slowly accumulating the elements of a genuine repertory foundation.

STARK YOUNG.

Herd-Girl

You are the herd-girl who has lost her herd—
  Now can the river-grass, unrumpled,
  Shade the river, and uncrumpled,
The perfect flower lift up the unruffled bird.

Now you are free. Your wistful beasts are gone,
  Gone the great, golden eyes, the wrinkling
  Of golden brows, the silvery tinkling
Under the roving throats. You are alone.

And you are free. Now, at the close of day,
  No pensive creatures wait, none call, none need you,
  The herd, run far afield, have freed you,
Lie down and rest you on the sweet, stacked hay.

You are alone. May all your care now be
  For your own thirsts, for your own hungers,
  The tender pity of your fingers
Close on your own full breast, for you are free.

WINIFRED WELLES.

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Pictures and Landscapes

I

WRITING in these columns a few months ago I suggested that the accolade of entry into the Louvre would eventually fall upon Pablo Picasso; it was John Quinn's gift to the Louvre of Seurat's Circus which made me think of this, and although I have not yet gone to see that beautiful picture there, my words begin to seem blasphemous. It is not that I object to the thought of Picasso becoming a conventionally acceptable painter; that is inevitable. But I am certain that part of my boundless admiration for his work comes from the conditions in which I saw it: in a studio, in a dealer's window, in a private house, or on the stage for which he painted a setting or a curtain. This is true for me of other contemporary painters, whose work has not been spoiled in advance by reproduction, and is seen in a natural frame, in some simple relation to life.

About half of the men and women I know have not the slightest interest in painting; and in nearly every case the reason is the same. Painting has meant museums or cluttered prize exhibitions. They derive an intense pleasure from architecture, appreciate many styles, and I suspect the reason is that in architecture there are virtually no museum pieces, and no museums.

There was held in Paris recently a retrospective exhibition of thirty years of the Independents. It was interesting chiefly for the work of a dozen men, and if there was history in it, it was a history of taste as much as of painting. There were famous pictures and obscure; there were Rousseau and Seurat and Léger, Matisse and Derain and Cézanne, and hundreds of painters whose names remain unknown. The alarming thing in the view of about three thousand canvases was that as far as the great men were concerned, the museum was beginning to conquer. It was not their popularity, but the assurance that life would eventually be drained out of these pictures as it has been drained out of Titian in the Prado, out of Leonardo in the Louvre, out of every picture in every museum.

But if you want to keep alive not only the painting, but your own relation to painting! If you want to continue to care for this beauty! You are too poor to collect, too little "connected" to see privately. Nothing remains but the death of art in museums. Except, to be sure, the churches. It would seem to me a master stroke of policy if every church in America, foregoing puritanism a while, would line its walls with paintings. Perhaps the benefit to religion would be as great as that gained by building ten million-dollar structures in which no trace of art is permitted to exist.

There are, generally, a few portraits in public buildings in America. But after the Diana of Madison Square Garden, the murals in the Boston Public Library and at Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh (and the Lions in front of the Library in New York) to what public building does one turn for works of art? What masterpieces are in our post offices, in our courts of justice, in the Mecca Temple? Is there a good Frederic Remington, even, in the building of the Department of the Interior; or is he, too, in museums for ever? I suggest a devolution of museums—and a painting in City Hall.

II

The breaking up of color which every amateur associates with French painting of the past three generations eventually ceased to be irritating, even to the Philistine. It seems nowhere so natural as it does in France—and so photographic. Sitting above Les Halles on a spring morning, watching the vegetables and the flowers being heaped up, moved, sold, carted away, with the ceaseless movement of bodies, of colored jackets and caps, one sees impressionistic painting only as a sublime accuracy of the eye, and the painters only as inspired instruments of precision to register and recreate this beauty. There is no mass of color except the mass created by the coalescing of colors in movement.

The landscape of the Midi with its patches of ploughed and of green acres is again wholly in the broken tones of the painters who have immortalized it. And the familiar light of many Spanish paintings, a little sinister, like light before a storm, one sees with literal precision over the Ebro at Zaragoza. After one has heard profound explanations of the remark that nature imitates art, one falls back on the simpler explanation that artists have only seen nature a little sooner and a little more clearly than the critics.

III

The advantage of travel by motor car or train is that one sees the landscape with so much more intensity. When you walk the view is limited by the horizon; for practical purposes it has no limits and seldom composes itself. The window of a car provides a permanent frame for a changing picture, and everything is cut off, falls into place, takes on proportion. It is not always the ideal place or proportion, but the view is always properly removed so that it can be *seen*, and has the same magic as a landscape seen in a mirror.

Travel abroad, a vast American enterprise, is largely a visual exercise. It is seeing cathedrals, seeing pictures, seeing monuments and costumes; new ways of living or of sensing life are extraordinarily hard to discover in an eight-week tour of the Continent, and Venice remains unique in the tourist's experience because at last it is not taxicabs. Our other senses, hearing, touch, taste and smell, are in various degrees of atrophy; if you become accustomed to a new type of motor horn and avoid "foreigners" in Europe, the ear is offended by nothing new; the development of an international cuisine makes the taste of Paris, of Berlin and of New York indistinguishable. But the eye remains.

Yet the American is the least prepared of all people to experience visual delights, being largely unaware that they exist around him at every moment. He passes dreary hours in railway trains with miles of sensuous beauty outside his window and wastes his time looking for the quaint and the picturesque.

GILBERT SELDES.

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An Anthology of the Literary Season

INSPIRED by the example of the dramatic critics, who are in the habit of signalizing the end of the season by printing lists of the six best performances and the six best plays, I have been attempting a similar experiment in connection with the recent literary season. As, however, my knowledge of what has been published during the last winter is very far from being exhaustive, I can only claim for my lists that they include, in one case, nine of the literary events which I have found most depressing and, in the other, nine of those which I have most enjoyed. In order to leave the reader with a feeling of reassurance, I shall put the list of casualties first. I have included in it only the writings of authors of some genuine literary pretensions.

1. Joseph Hergesheimer's memoirs of his social adventures among the movie people of Hollywood, in the Saturday Evening Post. Mr. Hergesheimer's masterpiece of fatuity, written in messy imitation of Henry James.

2. John Macy's Outline of Literature—in which an ordinarily interesting writer is reduced to almost complete vacuity by a preposterous and impossible task.

3. The later acts of Eugene O'Neill's play, The Great God Brown.

4. Ernest Boyd's article on Walt Whitman in The American Mercury—in which he undertakes to demonstrate, not merely that Whitman is an impossible poet, but that Marianne Moore and Eliot are his direct literary descendants.

5. Sinclair Lewis's letter in refusal of the Pulitzer Prize.

6. The controversy, in The Bookman, between Hugh Walpole and Mencken on the merits of contemporary British fiction—in which Walpole returns for the third or fourth time to the defense of a case in which he has obviously a special personal interest; and in which Mencken, after insisting with justice upon the mediocrity of certain English novels, tries to vindicate the superiority of America by adducing American novels equally second-rate.

7. The exposé of Stevenson by George Hellman, in his book The True Stevenson, and Stuart Sherman's spirited defense in the Sunday Herald-Tribune. Mr. Hellman, following the modern fashion, has tracked down some facts about Stevenson's private life which are nobody's business and Mr. Sherman becomes embroiled in the debate as to whether or not Stevenson was a rake, when he should be endeavoring to establish that he was not a second-rate writer.

8. The long and demented epistles from the Editor which appear in the back of the Dial.

9. Professor William Lyon Phelps every month in Scribner's Magazine.

My roll of merit is as follows. As I say, I have merely made a choice among the things which I happened to have seen; I have not, by any means, read all the important books of the season:

1. A new set of poems by W. B. Yeats in The London Mercury. Also, the two new volumes in his collected edition published by Macmillan.

2. Edith Sitwell's book of poems, Troy Park.

3. Léonie Adams's book of poems, Those Not Elect.

4. Ernest Hemingway's book of short stories, In Our Time.

5. The section from James Joyce's new novel in the French review Navire d'Argent.

6. Anita Loos's Gentlemen Prefer Blondes.

7. Norman Douglas's polemic on D. H. Lawrence in the Morris Magnus controversy, in his volume called Experiments.

8. Dean Inge's summing-up in the symposium published under the title of Science, Religion and Reality.

9. A. N. Whitehead's Science and the Modern World.

The items of these lists have been set down just as they happened to come to mind and without any idea of proving anything. There appear, however, certain striking differences between the writings included in the first list, on the one hand, and the writings included in the second, on the other. In the first place, with the exceptions of Mr. Walpole, writing in an American magazine, and Mr. Boyd, long a resident of New York and writing in an American magazine on an American subject, the authors of the first list are all Americans. Too much importance must not, however, be attached to this fact: there are certain kinds of literary enormities possible in America which are perhaps not possible in England; but it would not be at all difficult to compile a similar list of English literary horrors. If I have not included any English items, it is simply because I do not follow the English publishers and reviews as closely as the American ones. It is usually only the more interesting or important things which reach me from England; and it will be seen that, of the items in my second list, five are English and two Irish.

What is more significant, however, is the fact that the items in my list of regrettable occurrences are in almost every case the productions of professional literary men who practice some form of journalism, that is, of writers for whom writing is a business; whereas the authors of the second list are, in every case, people who do not work at literature as a trade and who are, therefore, not in the habit of publishing unless they have something to say and a strong impulse to say it. Doctor Whitehead is a mathematician; Dean Inge is Dean of St. Paul's. Miss Sitwell, Miss Adams, Mr. Joyce, Mr. Yeats and Mr. Douglas have all somehow found ways of writing as little and of taking as long over it as they please. Miss Loos has been a scenario writer and Mr. Hemingway a newspaper correspondent; but neither scenario writing nor newspaper work is a form of literature. All these writers have thus been able or willing to accept the inevitable risks involved in the serious pursuit of literature.

I have spoken of the practitioners of journalism as "professional literary men"; but it is really the other class of writers who follow letters, in the strict sense, as a profession. The practice of a profession—medicine, law or the Church—involves some thorough-going recognition of reality, in which all its problems, however disagreeable or disconcerting, must be met; and in his attempt to give a serious answer to the difficulties which life presents to him, the lawyer, the doctor or the priest has recourse to

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studies and speculations which must appear to the ordinary person either unintelligible or dull. In the case of the recognized professions, however, all this is provided for. No one has ever objected to a constitution on the ground that it was boring to read or attempted to censor a work on anatomy or the interrogatory of a priest's confessional. Serious practitioners of literature, however, since they do not deal directly with their clientèle, but are obliged to depend on the mediation of a business man—the publisher—for their communication with it and since their public is by no means, as a whole, prepared to grant them the same privileges and submit at their hands to the same exactions as the doctor's patients, the lawyer's clients or the priest's parishioners, are obliged to win the attention and tolerance of their public by individual charm or tact or to labor throughout their careers under the handicaps imposed by intolerance or neglect. In connection with the problem of making a living by the practice of his art, a writer has to reckon with three major dangers: the risk of being found shocking by the ordinary man, and therefore unpublishable by the publisher; the risk of being found obscure, and the risk of being found dull. Thus, in my list, Miss Sitwell and Miss Adams, from the ordinary point of view, are obscure; Mr. Hemingway is dull; Doctor Whitehead and Mr. Yeats, in his later phase, are both obscure and dull, and Mr. Joyce is both unintelligible, boring and obscene. Miss Anita Loos, Mr. Douglas and Dean Inge have qualities of vividness and humor which make them more easily acceptable; but the writings of all three ring with a certain boldness which comes only from literary independence, from the ability to speak for oneself uninhibited by public prejudices or by publishers' necessities.

When one considers also that the serious man of letters must ordinarily, like the candidate for any other profession, undergo a long preliminary training at his own expense, it is seen that the difficulties in the way of accomplishing really valuable literary work are peculiarly formidable. That the writers I have mentioned should still emerge is, therefore, greatly to the honor of our time: that, in spite of all these obstacles, at a period when most of the immediate rewards seem to go to the kind of writing exemplified in my first list, such incorruptible artistic integrity and such independent and rigorous thinking as are represented by my second should still be able to make themselves heard, is a fact which should outweigh the mediocrity and absurdity of whatever else is done.

EDMUND WILSON.

CORRESPONDENCE

Safe with Special Interests

SIR: The lamentations of "radicals" and such over the danger to the republic from the selfish action of private interests are not based upon a proper consideration of the actual facts in the case. The truth is that these interests are much better informed as to what is good for the public welfare, spiritual and material, and much more solicitous to secure it than are the "people" themselves. There is very abundant evidence of this, but a few illustrations must suffice. An undertakers' association fortunately discovers and proclaims that "burial at sea is barbarous." A meeting of barbers solemnly declares that "bobbed hair is all right." Dairymen, in urging legislation that would destroy the oleo-butter business, read huge extracts from *dairy* journals clearly demonstrating the disastrous effects of oleo upon rats and babies, and nobody cracks a smile. The contractors give timely warning to port authorities that repairs by direct labor necessarily entail socialism and bolshevism. And now the bottle-makers are alarmed because the country is going to the devil under the influence of the prohibition law. Etc., etc. It has ever been thus. In our government "every interest is represented except the public interest," so they say. But, under the circumstances, why should we worry?

Eugene, Oregon. JAMES D. BARNETT.

An Ultimatum and its Antecedent Causes

SIR: Technically Mr. C. F. Hamilton is correct in saying that it was the Transvaal which issued the "Ultimatum" (so-called) preceding the Boer War. But if Kruger had followed the example of the European Powers in 1914 he would have treated England's mobilization as a declaration of war and would himself have declared war the moment England began pouring troops into Africa—which was weeks before the "Ultimatum." Two weeks after it was issued there were fifty thousand fresh English troops in Africa. Like Danton he made the fatal mistake of underestimating the perfidy of the enemy. If Kruger had known that England had long marked his country for slaughter, if he could have surmounted his puritanic idealism in refusing to leave his own soil, it is an even bet that the Republic could have been saved.

Chamberlain's conquest of the Republics, brought on by his unscrupulous work as agent provocateur, was attained in spite of the energetic protests of England's nobler spirits, her Courtneys, Spencers and Morleys. When cross-examined Chamberlain declared that his despatch of August 28 accepted "at least nine-tenths of the Boer offer and he subsequently confessed that the remaining tenth was not worth a war." (Gooch's Life of Courtney, p. 385.)

England has paid a pretty penny for two generations of shoddy brummagem politicians. Just now it is Chamberlain fils who has made England the laughing stock of Europe. The elder Chamberlain boasted that the Boer War was the "proudest feather in his cap." "Come, my son, and see with how little pride the world is governed!" The great British Empire, in its long-drawn-out campaign to conquer a handful of farmers brought upon it such profound and universal contempt that one might fairly see in that contempt the most fertile seeds of the World War.

Canton, Pa. JOHN BASIL BARNHILL.

Mussolini's Assailant

SIR: In a recent issue of your weekly you had a short note anent the attempted assassination of the Italian Premier Mussolini. That was not only misleading in its general intent, but was also a glaring misstatement of the actual truth. No crazed *English* lady made an attempt to shoot the Italian Premier as the lady proved to be Miss Violet Albona Gibson, the sister of an Irish peer, and a native of Dalkey, County Dublin, Ireland. This lady was "devotedly religious," who went to Rome for the Papal Jubilee ceremonies and stayed on in a convent. English ladies of title whatever may be their other faults and failings are not given to assassination, and no English woman of title crazed or otherwise is likely to attempt to assassinate anyone in high authority, whether in the realm of church or state. Common decency demands that you rectify that error on your part.

Gary, Ind. JNO. MORGAN.

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Inexhaustible Pepys

Private Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, 1679-1703. Edited by J. R. Tanner. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. Two vols. 774 pages. $12.50.

READERS who approach the private correspondence of Samuel Pepys hoping for a continuation of the racy record of experience and scandal which distinguishes the Diary will be disappointed. In these handsome volumes he appears in his most sober and serious bearing. Yet to students of the times, and especially of the psychology of Pepys, the contrast is most enlightening. Something of the change is undoubtedly due to the fact that when the correspondence begins the Restoration had passed its heyday, and Pepys likewise had left his canicular days behind him. But the correspondence emphasizes a vertical as well as a horizontal division in Pepys's life. Here is Pepys as he appeared to his contemporaries, a solid and responsible man of affairs, abounding in serious interests, a pillar of the state. The letters strengthen the supposition that Pepys wrote his Diary to record for his own older age the delight in life which had made his youth a long Allegro. To the world he was content to play Il Penseroso.

The correspondence begins in 1679, when Pepys was secretary to the Commissioners of the Navy. The letters are scanty until after 1688 when Pepys went out of office at the revolution and thereafter had plenty of leisure to pursue his varied avocations. These were of the most unimpeachable correctness, but they are recorded with a zest that is reminiscent of the Diary. Pepys maintained his interest in the navy, and wrote much in defense of its past and criticism of its present. He was interested in the universities, especially in forwarding the study of mathematics. He presented to Oxford a portrait of Doctor Wallis, the Savilian Professor of Geometry, done by Sir Godfrey Kneller; and the stately Latin diploma issued by the University which sets forth his service to the navy and the praise "which must always endure whilst the Mariner's Compass remains in use, or the Stars continue to perform their Courses" must have delighted his heart. A practical application of the doctrine of chances to the question whether if A, B and C have respectively 6, 12 and 18 dice it is as easy for B to throw two or C three sixes as for A to throw one, is introduced by a letter from Pepys to Isaac Newton, and followed through many elaborate calculations. Next in bulk to this material seems to be the testimony in regard to second sight furnished by several correspondents. In this matter as in many others Pepys represented to the full the passion of his age for curiosities, that collector's instinct which is the primary impulse of science, though it must be admitted that his conception of the value of testimony was scarcely critical.

So long as his health allowed Pepys used to gather on Saturday night a group of cronies of like scientific habit at his residence in York Buildings. At these assemblies we catch an echo of the gay hospitality of the Diary days subdued to the decorum befitting such guests as Doctor Dale, Dean of York, and John Evelyn. The latter particularly regretted the passing of this custom, and wrote to his Deare Worthy and Constant Freind: *"Saturday* which was wont to be a Jubily, and the most advantagious and gainefull, as well as the most diverting to me of the Weekly Circles, is from a real *Sabbath* and day of repose now become wholy saturnine, lugubrous and solitary." Evelyn shared Pepys's interests more completely than any other of his correspondents and was the most portentous as well as most intimate of them. His letters are masterpieces of epistolary dignity. One wonders if Pepys became a little weary of their ponderous Latinity and of their eloquent O tempora: O mores. Pepys could hardly in his cheerful soul have sympathized with such an outburst as this:

> For as since the Incarnation, Europe has perhaps never suffered the like concussions, so never was this Nation (which is all the World to us) so atheistical, false and unsteady; covetous, self-interested, imprudently detracting and uncharitable; ingratefull, lewd, and luxurious; in summe so universaly vitious, dissolute and perverted; that I am not solicitous of being thought a visionary or enthusiast when as oft as I reflect on the prædictions our B[lessed] Lord and his Apostles fore-tell shall be the præcursors of the last and worst of times I think are coming upon us.

The last vivid interest of Pepys's life, if we except the gift of the Wallis portrait, was the tour of his nephew John Jackson through France, Italy and Spain. The young man was evidently of a highly serious turn of mind. One wonders whether Pepys ever was reminded of what such a tour would have been to him at Jackson's age, but he gives no sign of such unedifying reflections. The goal of the trip was the celebration of Holy Year at Rome, and just as Pepys is concerned with the completeness of his collections so he shows an anxiety worthy of a German governess lest his nephew should miss any of the Sehenswürdigkeiten of the occasion. "I know your curiosity," he writes, "to bee too great to suffer your falling under any such neglect; among which I cannot but reckon the Pope's Toe for one, Harry the 8th's love-letters for another." Particularly is Pepys with child, as he would have said in the Diary, to have Nephew Jackson kiss the former object. "Nor will you," he reminds him, "omit it, as one great curiosity to get a sight of the person of his Holiness, if not to kiss his Toe, which our prints tell us a great many have done." Happily young Jackson succeeded, to the doubtless inexpressible relief of Uncle Pepys and the select circle at Clapham who were in travail with him.

Another theme of admonition to Jackson is his duty in the matter of messages to this circle, "that your friends may find theyr names mentioned by you, when in proof of it I shall sometimes see it needfull to shew it." This eagerness for public esteem and insatiable curiosity about events and objects are the surviving elements of Pepys's character. His nephew Jackson, who became his heir, bore pious tribute to both when among Pepys's papers he solemnly filed a list of persons who received rings of value of 20, 15, or 10 shillings and mourning, on the occasion of his uncle's funeral, to the number of 150, among whom appear such of the learned as Bentley, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Aldrich, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford; of the clergy, as the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London; of the navy, as Sir Geo. Rook and Sir Cloudesly Shovell—and also a gruesome document containing An Account of What was Remarkable upon Opening the Body of the Honourable Samuell Pepys, Esqr.

The editorial work of Mr. J. R. Tanner, already known as an accomplished Pepysian, is of the most impeccable character. The notes, identifying every detail and reference in the text, make the volumes of high value to the record of the last twenty years of the seventeenth century.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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The Great Modern Omniscience

Thobbing, by Henshaw Ward. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 343 pages. $3.50.

AS a superstition, worship of the printed page runs true to form. That is to say, those who make the pages are on the whole least taken in by them; while those who are least able to penetrate their secrets are generally the most impressed and awed. People who can't read are usually under the impression that all the mysteries of heaven and earth have been solved in books. For example, we are told that among the Chinese printed paper of whatever character is held in the greatest awe and has been from time immemorial. This awe is a function of illiteracy. Total illiterates are naturally obliged to respect everything in print equally.

It is our proud boast that illiteracy has all but disappeared in the land of the free. But as it happens, publishing has enormously increased, too. We have no figures on the relation of the increasing curve of education to the increasing curve of the printing industry; but it seems likely that the latter has more than kept pace with the former. Moreover, it does not follow by any means that persons who can read can accordingly read anything. Literacy means the ability to write one's name and read—of all things on earth! —the preamble to the national Constitution. At the very most it means the capacity to read and write "ordinary" English. This is a considerable achievement. But while it has been preparing a number of international languages have sprung up the circulation of which is more limited per thousand head of population than ever Latin was in mediæval times. These are the languages of science: mathematics, astro-physics, thermo-dynamics, organic chemistry, genetics, biometry and the like. Books and even magazines are issued in these languages, usually with a net paid circulation of 250 copies or one to every 10,000 buyers of the Saturday Evening Post; one in every 450,000 of the population—a more than Chinese ratio!

Upon the basis of our law of superstition we should therefore expect these learned languages and all that they imprint to be held in superstitious awe. The fact is that such is the precise case, so prodigiously the case, indeed, that the most arrant nonsense if only shrouded in a half-obscurity of scientific terms and vouched by titles sufficiently priestly—Doctor This, and Professor That—will be snatched up by editors and publishers and flourished before the gaping millions as the very thumb-prints of Divinity. It is doubtful if any race of men has ever been more gullible or more abjectly superstitious than we, or required debunking more imperatively.

This is the plow to which Mr. Henshaw Ward has put his hand, and may he never turn back! As a sincere foe of illiteracy of every kind and a confirmed champion of the crossed finger and the unflinching eye he deserves the praise and backing of every honest man. Thobbing is a declaration of war upon ignorance and prejudice masquerading as awe and veneration. This is a war in which there can be no neutrals. Those who are not for candor are against it. Whatever importance this book may otherwise attain, every student and every "earnest thinker" ought to read it as a test of self: he ought to read it and then ask himself this question, "Would I like to help this man do this job and do it better or would I like to stop him?" The answer will be automatic. The book evokes it.

In this campaign Mr. Ward's strategy is very interesting. Assuming the rôle of ignoramus, he takes a seat, as the sub-title puts it, "at the circus of the intellect." This is an ancient and honorable device, having been employed by no less a man than Socrates, in remarkably similar circumstances. Socrates also lived in an age of enlightenment. Athens in his day teemed with men of awe-inspiring wisdom. It was his habit to take up a position in the market-place and when one of these men, or preferably two or three, went by, to ask him questions and engage him in conversation, always avowing ignorance himself, and so to draw the Sophists out to their own rapid and complete destruction. Mr. Ward draws his Sophists out of books; but the effect is much the same. Beginning with sociology he plods from one market-place of speculation to another, quoting Kant against Plato and Dewey against Santayana and exhibiting out of the mouths of all the prophets the falseness of all the "other" prophets. And at the end of every skirmish he turns to his Euthydemus and remarks with truly Socratic neatness, "You see, all this is mere speculation. None of these men has troubled to observe."

Each chapter of Thobbing is a corpse-strewn battlefield; but some of these corpses are very old and bear other wounds than Mr. Henshaw Ward's. One difficulty with this method which strikes us even when we study it in Plato's Dialogues is the superlative idiocy of the Sophists and the unconvincing neatness of the peerless Socrates. The victory is too easy. Mr. Ward dislikes logic and dismisses it by showing that all logicians have thought all other logicians fools. But he invites it. His strategy demands a tactic which is itself a sort of logic. It assumes that all products of the human intellect are either true or false. On this assumption and no other can he plow through one field of speculation after another, leaving on either side long windrows of dead bodies. Who of us, challenged before the Judgment Seat with "True or false?" could answer, "True, Your Omnipotence!" But who told Mr. Ward that the most important or the most interesting feature of human speculations is their truth or falsity? And what are truth and falsity apart from these other considerations? Some pretty, if logical, problems open out of questions such as these. If no man has ever been wholly true, no man has ever been wholly false. Later scholars who have not shared Plato's prejudice against those Athenian Sophists have inclined to think that Plato did not do them quite full justice in representing them merely as fools. Even the Sophists were driving at something or other which perhaps was not without importance at the time. By the same reasoning perhaps even Kant may have had some sense to him, for all Santayana's strictures. Perhaps even Santayana—but then, perhaps not!

Another peculiarity of this true-false tactic is that it presumes some men to be right. This is even more disastrous than being satisfied with proving most men wrong. The most self-righteous of all our modern prophets, the most mysterious, the most venerable, are the prophets of science. If any among us peculiarly merit a little robe-snatching, they are the scientists. They are the authors of the Great Modern Omniscience. What is a little sociology before the awful shrine of mathematics? This is where we should be snooping for a glimpse of the holy men in their birthday suits. But here Mr. Ward does no snooping at all. Indeed, is that not he, out yonder in the front row of the congregation, kneeling before the Altar of Experiment? He will deny it. He boasts no favorites. Every time he passes a laboratory he lifts his

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hat, and then he turns to us and says, "Do you see how superstitious I am? I sort of believe in that stuff, but probably it's all hokum." Nevertheless, if it is hokum, why does he lift his hat? The whole purpose of the book is to expose hokum in all the conceits of the human intellect. Says the author, perhaps science is hokum too, though I think not. Well, if it is, if even the most favored beliefs of Mr. Ward are thus subject to doubt, then perhaps his opinions on the subject of hokum are doubtful too; and if they are, where are we? No, we have got to stand fast somewhere. We have got to defend our theory of the falseness of speculation, and therefore we have got to defend our opinion of "observation" which is always right, and hence of science which is always true. Thus our tactics confound our strategy.

There is more logic here—too much for a single meal. Many subtle philosophers have spun many fine arguments to show that observation is inconceivable apart from speculation and vice versa. In the contemptible words of the speculative Kant, concepts without percepts are empty; percepts without concepts are blind. There is something in it. But there is also something in Mr. Ward's knowing rejoinder that scientific "percepts" are "different." They are, indeed; peculiarly different; so different that as Mr. Ward himself has noticed even the scientists can do such "observing" only in their laboratories. Outside they are e'en as other men. What are these awful rites, so potent that they give ordinary men super-Kantian powers? If Mr. Ward will lift his reverent hand and open one eye the next time he kneels in his place of worship he will see his priests manipulating instruments. These super-human powers, then, are a function not of men but of machines! A clue, Watson, a clue!

C. E. Ayres.

Tides in the Affairs of Men

Social Aspects of the Business Cycle, by Dorothy Swaine Thomas. London: George Routledge and Sons, Ltd. 217 pages. 10/6 net.

SOCIAL scientists are still far from plucking out the heart of their mystery. They have found few of those principles of order which it is the business of science to discover, and which give meaning to the chaos of facts with which the modern world confronts us. Although students of the physical sciences are experiencing doubts about some of their basic assumptions they are probably much nearer to an understanding of the ground plan of physical nature than their co-workers in the social sciences are to a just conception of the social structure. In the world of human relations the interacting factors are more numerous, instability due to changing conditions is more pronounced, cause and effect are more subtly joined. The social scientist has to aid him, in tracing these subtle ties, very few of those far-reaching and well established generalizations which provide broad roads through the wilderness of facts. He must work in terms of narrow and restricted principles, applied in limited spheres.

In attacking their problems the present generation of research workers in the social sciences are at once more modest and better equipped than the generation which preceded them. They lack the faith—masquerading as reason—which led the generation of Herbert Spencer on their long trains of deductive reasoning, and they venture no such world-shaking generalizations as came from that school of sociologists. They possess, however, instruments of research which their predecessors lacked. Neither the tools and conceptions of the mechanical sciences nor the methods of abstract deduction congenial to certain philosophic schools meet the needs of social scientists. But within the last thirty years methods specifically adapted to the problems of the social sciences have become widely mastered, and with them have come concepts appropriate to the data of these sciences. Something approaching a new technique of social research has been developed. Recent accomplishments are attributable largely to the skilful application of this technique in the attempt to test specific hypotheses and to solve specific problems. The present study is a notable example of such an application..

Miss Thomas seeks to trace the connection between social phenomena such as marriages, births, deaths, crime, alcoholism and emigration and those rhythms of modern economic life which are termed "business cycles." Her study is confined to England and Wales, though she presents a summary of results of other investigations, including an important earlier contribution by Prof. W. F. Ogburn and herself dealing with American conditions. An index of British business cycles constructed by averaging measures of the cyclical movements in eight important economic series serves as a standard of comparison in studying fluctuations in the various social series investigated. Each annual figure for such social series as marriages, suicides and criminal prosecutions represents the net resultant of a great many interacting forces, and we may expect to find that some of the results are clouded and inconclusive. Yet out of the maze of complications which confront one who attempts to trace relationships in this difficult field, Miss Thomas draws a surprising number of definite and significant results. She shows conclusively that marriage rates increase with prosperity and decline during periods of depression, that suicide rates move inversely with the business cycle, that pauperism reacts immediately and directly to economic forces, that the consumption of beer and spirits, prosecutions for drunkenness and deaths from alcoholism all reflect business movements. She establishes a connection between the tides of human migration and the push and pull of business conditions in England and the United States. She demonstrates that crimes against property which are accompanied by violence increase during general economic depression and decline with the coming of prosperity.

With respect to certain of the phenomena studied the results are negative or inconclusive. Birth rates, death rates and infant mortality rates are characterized by cyclical swings, but these do not appear to be closely correlated with changes in economic factors. Suicide rates, however, fluctuate with the business cycle, both in England and in the United States, the suicide peaks coming when business is depressed. Divorce rates show no connection with the cycle in Great Britain, but there is evidence of a fairly close positive connection in the United States. Crimes, other than the particular type mentioned above, do not appear to be related to the movements of business.

Miss Thomas has, perhaps, attached a bit too much significance to certain of her numerical results, but on the whole the evidence is weighed with discrimination and the results interpreted conservatively. Her careful and scholarly labors represent sociology at its best—working on real problems, applying accurate methods, seeking by the painstaking accumulation of data and the careful tracing of relationships to secure an understanding of social processes.

The main thesis of this study, which is conclusively established by Miss Thomas, is of wide significance. The swings of business which appear in dramatic form in the

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stock market, which successively expand and contract our records of building, bankruptcy, unemployment, production and consumption of goods are not limited in their effects to their obvious manifestations. They have social repercussions far removed from the economic source. Beveridge has called this movement "the pulse of the nation," but it is a pulse which beats internationally. Brazil, Russia, India, China rock to its passing. Marriages, suicides, stock sales and pig iron production ebb and flow to the rhythm of this amazing phenomenon. And yet its moving forces are almost completely hidden from us. Theories enough, but little agreement upon ultimate causes. Are these cycles in human affairs of cosmic origin? Do they result from imperfections in the money economy? Are they traceable to the dominance of the profit motive in an individualistic economic system? These are questions which are engaging many minds. Conclusive answers have not yet been given.

FREDERICK C. MILLS.

More Pseudo-Science

The Melting-Pot Mistake, by Henry Pratt Fairchild. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 266 pages. $2.50.

CONCEIVABLY, this country's attitude toward immigration will more affect the welfare of millions of human beings than will the solution of any other single problem in the world today. The immigration problem is huge, complex and vital for this nation and for mankind. It can never be definitively settled for all time. This country can no more discover a cast iron restriction law good for all time than it can commit itself indefinitely to a fashion in dinner pails or a policy toward the Philippine Islands. The reason which prompted the specific 1924 immigration law may not exist in 1926 or 1928. This world changes. The immigrant changes. The reasons for emigration change. The reasons for restricting immigration change. The problem must be reviewed as often as changed situations demand. In short, immigration will always be a problem. It cannot be settled by recourse to pseudo-science, or by appeals to America Right or Wrong, or by fine talk of America's leading "onward toward the goal of human happiness." It can be settled in terms of action which will help to make more human beings happy here and now. How does The Melting-Pot Mistake settle it?

The jacket on the book characterizes it as a "study immensely stimulating to constructive thought," and "authoritative." The thought this reviewer gets from the book itself is that Professor Fairchild is not an authority on immigration, that his book is not a study but propaganda, and that his real mistake is not that The Melting-Pot does not melt, but that his pseudo-science and visceral rationalizations will stimulate anyone not a moron or a Nordic fan to accept his conclusions as "constructive" thought.

Professor Fairchild's manipulation of "race" does mark an advance over the Madison Grant-William McDougall school of science fakers. He does not argue that every Nordic newborn is fresh from the hand of God and destined to become a ruler of men and the torch-bearer of civilization; though there are times when he seems to suspect that such might be the case. He even admits that a newborn Nordic reared in an African Negro home would have the language, religion, moral code, habits of life, etc., of its foster parents. Still, "there are probably certain inherent variations of temperament, disposition, or even intelligence, which facilitate the development by certain racial groups of certain types of institutions." McDougall is cited for this "probably."

True again, "there is not in any accurate sense an American race"—nor inaccurate either, unless a population as physically divergent as that of India can be called a "race." Still, as the "qualities" of a future composite race are not known, and as you cannot unscramble an egg, "it is quite legitimate to apply the good old maxim, 'In case of doubt, don't.'" And anyhow "racial discrimination is inherent in biologic fact and in human nature." Since when?

The net result seems to be that the non-Nordic is damned if he is and damned if he isn't—and should be excluded anyway. But not on "racial" grounds. Professor Fairchild abandons that pie—and by the time the reader has got through the chapter, he has eaten it. And the reader has somatic dyspepsia, and thereby is ready to allow that when in doubt don't is sound biology and good business.

The real reason why the gates should be shut is the Factor of Nationality—reinforced by chapters on Group Contacts, A Nation in the Making, A New Menace, The Meaning of Assimilation, Americanization, Enforced Patriotism (a really sound chapter), The Meaning of America, The Making of Americans, and The Duty of America. Most of these chapters might, with slight changes, have been written expressly for Klux Konklaves.

Because of his "nationality" the immigrant cannot love us because of our "nationality"; and we cannot love the immigrant for the same reason. Ergo, there can be no assimilation.

What is our "nationality?" For one thing, it represents "truth, beauty, goodness, morality, justice, propriety, custom, order, and—home." Why, then, cannot the immigrant love us ("the sine qua non of assimilation")? Because, in addition to our truth, beauty, etc., etc., we have certain features which "arouse the scorn, derision and hatred of the foreigner," to wit: "elements of social injustice, of political corruption, of relentless commercialism, of a thousand and one things, alas!"

Alas indeed! The remedy? Close the lid; shut the gates! But no suggestion as to how we are to get rid of our "features." On the other hand, much talk to disarm possible adverse criticism of anyone less than a 100 percenter: "careful student"; "genuine American"; "uncritical"; "true nature of the case"; "misguided and sentimental."

Likewise such nuggets as: "If our nation is to be preserved we must resign ourselves to the inevitable truth that unity can be maintained only through the complete sacrifice of extraneous national traits on the part of our foreign elements"; "Natural, wholesome internal forces"; "The feeling is the final end"; "America is a spiritual reality"; "America is a living, vital thing existing in the hearts of true America today"; "The typical American community"; "If there were not abundant non-Americans who were quite willing to be bootleggers, the trade would almost certainly fall off"; "The spirit of the real American"; "Irreparable loss to mankind"; "Priceless product of social evolution"; America's foremost "rôle is the development of true democracy"; in America "if anywhere, the conditions are auspicious for the upward movement of the masses"; "in America the stage is set for the great drama of the common man."

But "any yielding to a specious and superficial humanitarianism which threatens the material, political and social standards of the average American, must be branded as

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a violation of our trust." And what is that trust? "To lead onward to the goal of human happiness." But unrestricted immigration "impaired our capacity for leadership"—"it was slowly, insidiously, irresistibly eating away the very heart of the United States"; the Melting-Pot was melting "the American nationality itself," "losing all form and symmetry, all beauty and character, all nobility and usefulness."

Would Professor Fairchild please tell us just when this "American nationality" had its full "form," etc? Or why, if Rabbi Blau's dictum: "The chief duty that a people owes both to itself and the world is reverence for its own soul" is worth quoting to justify an American "all time" exclusion policy, it was not equally good justification for secession in 1860 and grounds today for the dissolution of the Union into, say, several confederacies which might be soulless, but would have rather stronger "mystic centres of being" than this Union seems to have?

This nation does not remain the same. It changes. It will inevitably change. Is it trying to make itself into a China of the Tsin dynasty? Of course not. It could not if it wanted to. But anyone who holds up the "material, political and social standards of the average American" as a pace-maker for creation and a tender plant which can only mature behind a Chinese wall, and scores any other view as "yielding to a specious and superficial humanitarianism," "must be branded," as Professor Fairchild would no doubt like to brand the reviewer, as "ignorant and ill-informed" and worthy to be condemned for "treason to our high destiny." This is 1926. Have we learned nothing?

GEORGE A. DORSEY.

The Whole Story

The Whole Story, by Elizabeth Bibesco. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.

THE stories in this, her latest volume, are far and away the best that Princess Bibesco has yet written. In the earlier books, Balloons and The Fir and the Palm, the characters were frequently lost in the psychological subtleties of situations more important to the author than her people, the total effect was often artificial, brittle, tenuous, and the writing more than a little mannered. But in this collection she emerges as a deft and sympathetic creator of people who does not allow a somewhat feverish talent for the mot juste, a highly developed flair for oddities, verbal, human and material, and a gift of ironic curiosity to interfere with the main thing—the bringing to life of people in whom we can believe, with our hearts as well as with our heads.

The stories are of many kinds, exhibiting an astonishingly rich and wide range of abilities. Princess Bibesco gives us, in quick succession, sophistication and simplicity, landscapes from nature and landscapes of souls with their uncertain weather, vague and changing and elusive as clouds; bright empty chatter, vivid reconstructions of imaginary lives, amusing, faithful interiors, vanishing tunes in which the intervals are quarter notes or less, and a great deal of excellent French. She can ring the changes on an emotional hour, an emotional moment, an emotional half-second; distilling, from the minute scraping of one personality against another, more significance indeed than the situation occasionally seems to warrant. Her chief temptation is a love of subtlety for its own sake, yielding to which mars several of the stories by punctuating them with asides too evidently contributed by the author, with indulgence in neat little sentences of fretwork—blind alleys down which our attention turns and is momentarily lost. But these diversions are far less frequent than in the two earlier books, and where she formerly ran away with her story, she now allows it to run away with her.

The less successful of these stories share an indefiniteness and lack of direction which seem to spring from their author's leaning too heavily upon the half-said, the half-seen, the half-felt. They are made of a series of fractional moods and fractional human relations which do not always add up. The best of the stories—and these are very good indeed—may be divided roughly into two kinds, which differ considerably. In the first group belong The Whole Story and La Peronnière Letters, each of them brilliantly inventive, exuberantly documented tours de force, which are on the face of them artificial, and would seem so in the reading, were it not that a certain heat of imagination, at once accurate and lavish, had burned them into a whole beyond artifice. Mlle. de la Peronnière wrote marvelous letters to her nephew, the Comte Achille d'Ossoville. After her death the letters made her famous, and their reflected glory shone upon him too, though in his lifetime he had never read, or even so much as opened, any of them. The ironic point here is somewhat forced, but one forgets it thanks to the amazing, skilful, lively portrait of the old lady herself. This character, and the furnishings of her setting, are erected before our eyes with a neatness, certainty and dash which are nothing short of masterly.

Of a completely different sort are The Bureau de Poste and Red Hair. The former is founded upon a fleeting incident, and is only a few pages long. Yet in those few pages are locked, with tender skill, the ebb and flow of a whole tide of human moods. The story possesses subtle gradations, heightenings, subduals, and that architectural sense of pace which seems inevitable when it is concealed, and is so very difficult to conceal at all. The best short stories always give one a sense of having a life of their own, and this one, though it is a microcosm, very genuinely lives. Red Hair is much longer, and while it shares these qualities with The Bureau de Poste, it is vastly more complicated. Impossible to bare the plan, the machinery by which this red-headed charmer, so silly and so sensitive, grows from page to page until she is unforgettable. One tries to take the story apart and discover at just what point Linda comes to life, just where she turns into a new complexity, a new richness, just what words or actions of Linda or the other characters add that necessary third dimension to their being, but it won't come apart. Few achievements in fiction writing are rarer or more difficult.

What Princess Bibesco has accomplished in this book which she did not in the other two may for convenience be given the name of opposition. In Red Hair conspicuously, but also in some of the other stories, one feels differences, conflicts, misunderstandings between the characters which their creator can apparently do nothing to avoid. The invisible partitions between character and character have somehow been erected; each character is a being in his or her own right, and after a certain point the author is powerless to interfere. In the earlier stories, and in several of these, Princess Bibesco gave the impression, even while her people were in dialogue, of talking back and forth with projections of herself. Hence that artificiality, that sense of subtle tempests in intimate teacups beyond which she has now passed, very definitely, skilfully and often movingly, to the stage of creating people real enough to be able to take care of themselves. R. L.

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Ovid in Brief

Ovid and His Influence, by Edward Kennard Rand. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. 184 pages. $2.

THE contributors to the series Our Debt to Greece and Rome suffer from limitations of space. In small volumes they are expected to cover the content of classical authors and topics, estimate literary and cultural values, and sketch the indebtedness of modern literature and culture to its ancient background. The first part of their task may often be successfully accomplished; the problem of indebtedness is one that few classical scholars are competent to solve, and if they are competent, the sketch becomes a superficial survey of little value to anybody in either the classical or modern field. Mr. Rand, whose learning and appreciative taste include both antiquity and the Middle Ages, would be the first to admit that in this volume he has spoiled an admirable book, which he alone of English-speaking scholars could write, on the influence of Ovid in mediæval times and in the Renaissance.

On the other hand the skill with which he has summarized and appreciated the works of Ovid and interpreted the poet's personality has hardly been equalled in other volumes of the series. In the nature of things Ovid demands such sympathy and deftness of touch as only a modern French critic can readily supply, and M. Ripert in his recent volume on le poète de l'amour, des dieux et de l'exile meets this demand with ease. Yet neither his ecclesiastical ancestry nor long theological training seem to hinder Mr. Rand's entering at once into the spirit of Ovid's agreeably naughty handling of amatory themes. In a charming manner and with Ovidian humor Mr. Rand tells us enough of the content of the works to excite interest, and to stimulate the lay-reader to know Ovid at least in translation. And even in the tantalizingly brief account of the poet's tremendous influence upon later ages there is a fitting sense of perspective, and a graceful style that relieves the dulness of what might easily become a mere catalogue of poets and parallel passages. Only one who is artist as well as scholar could make the easy transition from the Metamorphoses to the metamorphosis of Ovid himself into mediæval moralist, theologian, doctor and magician.

HENRY W. PRESCOTT.

Contributors

CHARLES MERZ, a graduate of Yale (1915) has been a member of the editorial staff of the New Republic, Harper's Weekly and the New York World.

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Asked of the

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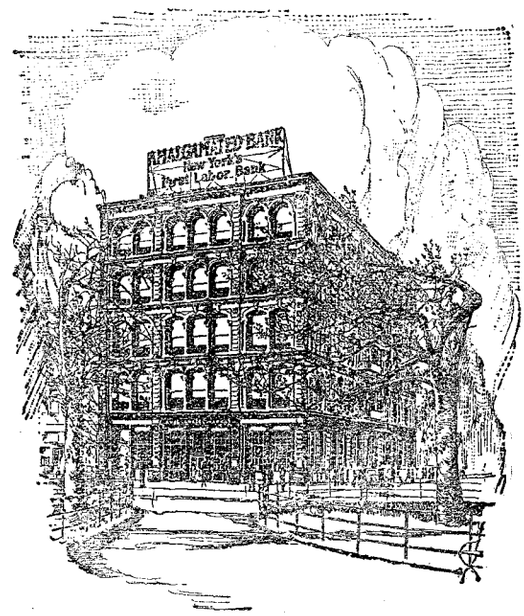
Of New York

and an answer



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